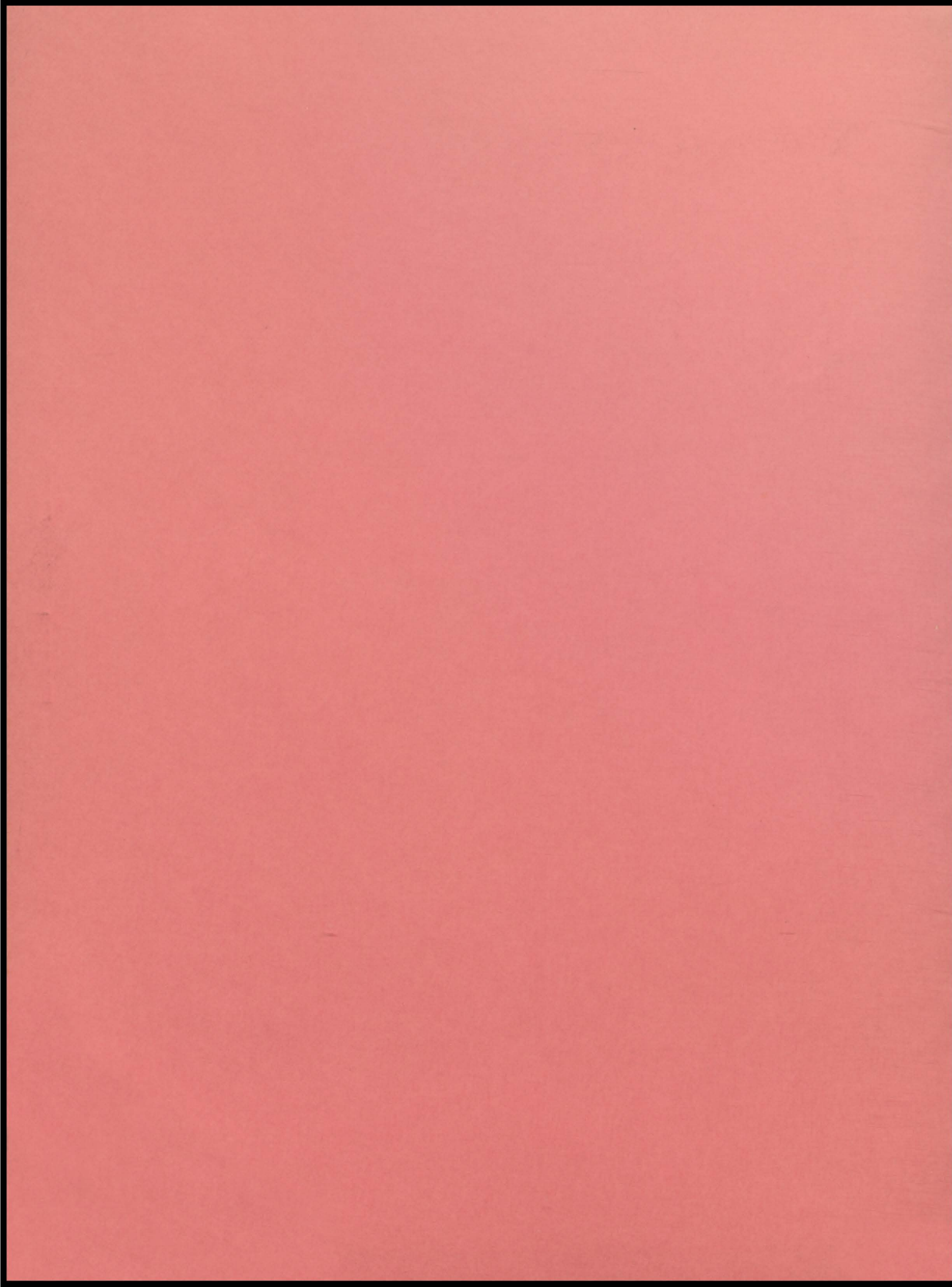


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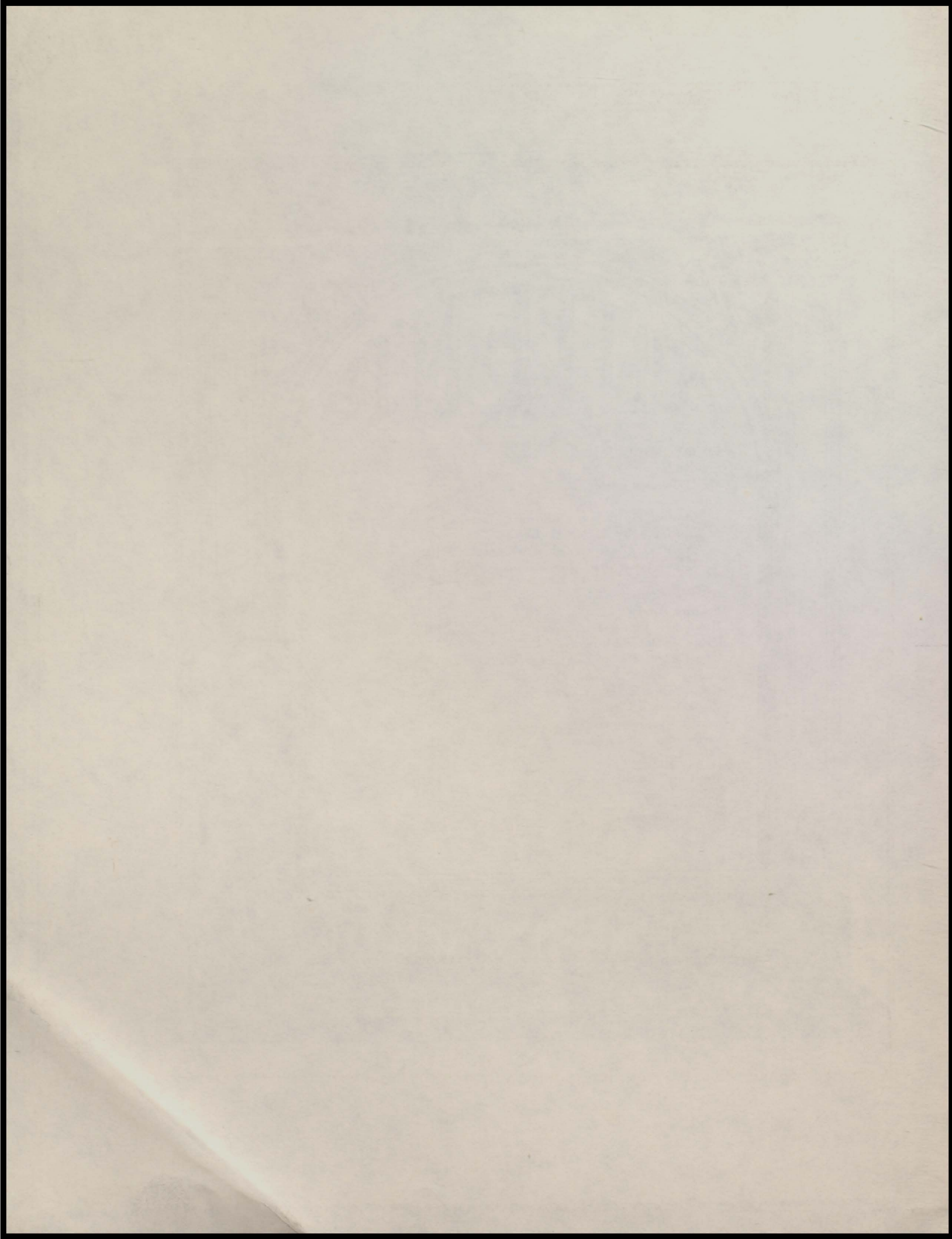


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THE PIVOT



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VOL. XVIII

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J.

No. 1

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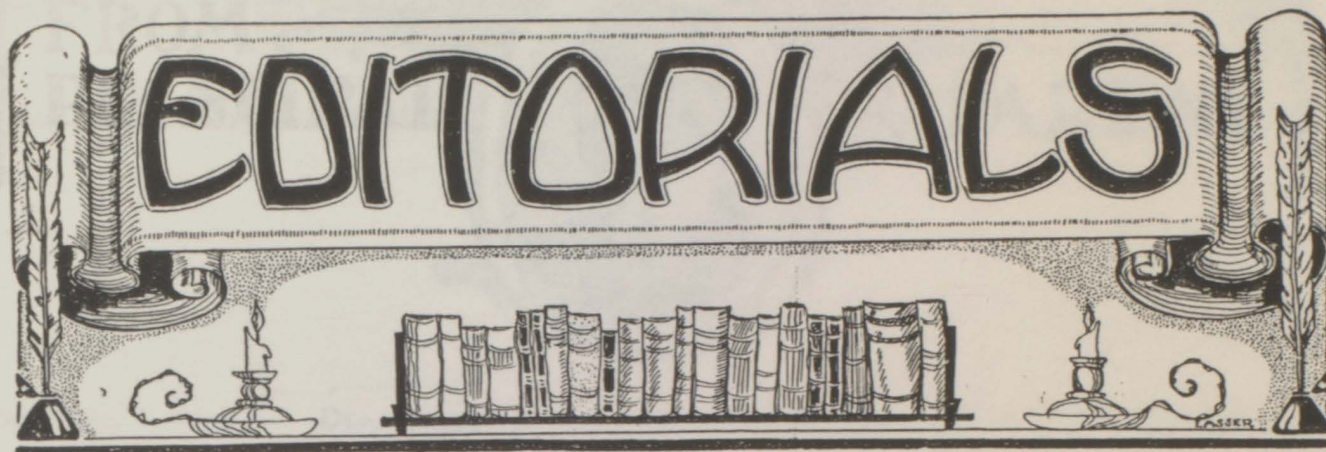
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CARRYING ON

The first signs of spring are beginning to assert themselves. With these welcome indications come the drowsiness that is so prevalent during this season. Too many of us, although not exactly shirking our work, offer the excuse of "spring fever" for not having done our duties.

The majority of us will be in attendance during the summer session. With the scorching weather that

is in store for us with which to contend, a small matter like spring should not deter us from carrying on the work as usual. This does not necessarily signify that one does not feel a little indisposed during the height of the spring season. On the contrary, our speed is usually diminished. However, instead of accepting the latter condition, we should take it as an incentive and make our progress against the tide.

KEEPING CENTRAL CLEAN

With the beginning of the new year, matters in the way of neatness have been somewhat on the decline. The splendid condition of the halls and lockers that bespoke a significant tidiness has been neglected. Despite the warnings and entreaties by members of the faculty, pupils have not taken a sufficient interest in their surroundings.

Pride is a necessary factor in any institution. We cannot exhibit any such pride if our building is con-

stantly littered with papers. We would appreciate our surroundings more if they were kept in a neater condition.

The writer takes this opportunity of making an appeal to the student body. Everyone concerned, the faculty, students and visitors will be decidedly impressed by a clean, neat and well-kept building.

—O. M. L.

FROM PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

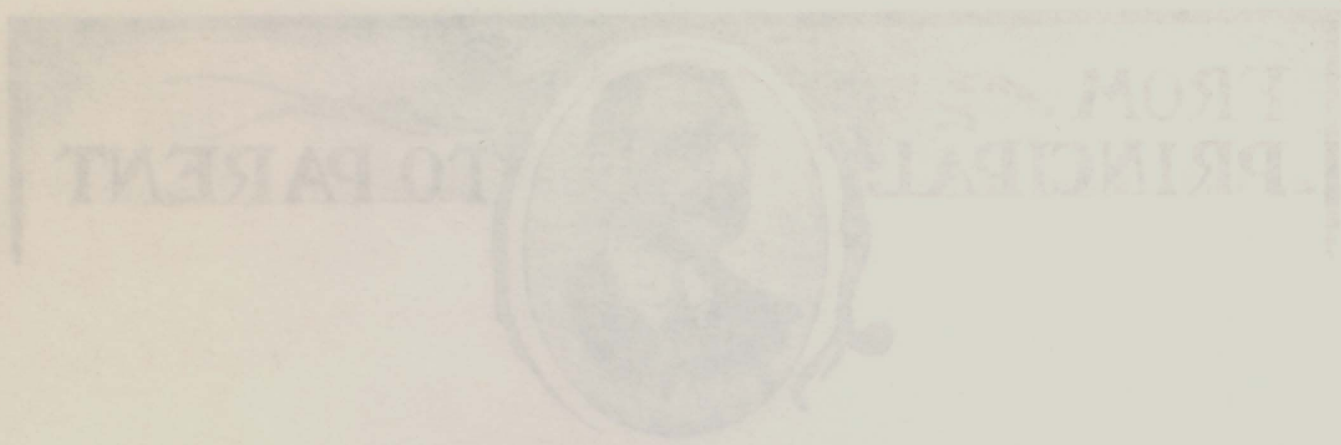
DEAR PARENTS:

In spite of the constant repetition of the old adage that there is no royal road to learning, it seems that many young people are striving to discover some kind of short cut. They are unwilling to perform the labor necessary to achieve results. I wish they would remember that they are working on a principle that is contrary to the laws of nature when they strive to obtain something without effort. They should also bear in mind that no one can successfully defy the laws of nature. An inexorable law is that we cannot pour out more than we have poured in, and the pupils who imagine that they are getting an education while they are only getting a smattering of it, are doomed to bitter disillusion.

A good school is a good road to learning. The road is not a vehicle, but the road can be smoothed. Conveniences may be placed along its way; allurements may invite the wayfarer, but the wayfarer must travel on his own power. Our physical bodies grow strong by exercise, and the same truth applies to our minds. Even though we might absorb the subject matter of an education without the labor of acquiring it, it would be of little use to us because the effort to acquire furnishes the ability to use, and there is no other way.

Parents sometimes come to me on behalf of their children, saying that these children cannot do some of the simple things that we require. These parents are foolishly endeavoring to deprive their children of the privileges of our American system of free education. They do not know it, but it is true none the less. The parents are misled by the children, who from short-sightedness fail to realize that their tasks are to be translated into triumphs, and that evasion must mean enervation. Remember always that there is no excellence without great labor, no strength without striving, no victory without struggle.

William Wiener
Principal.



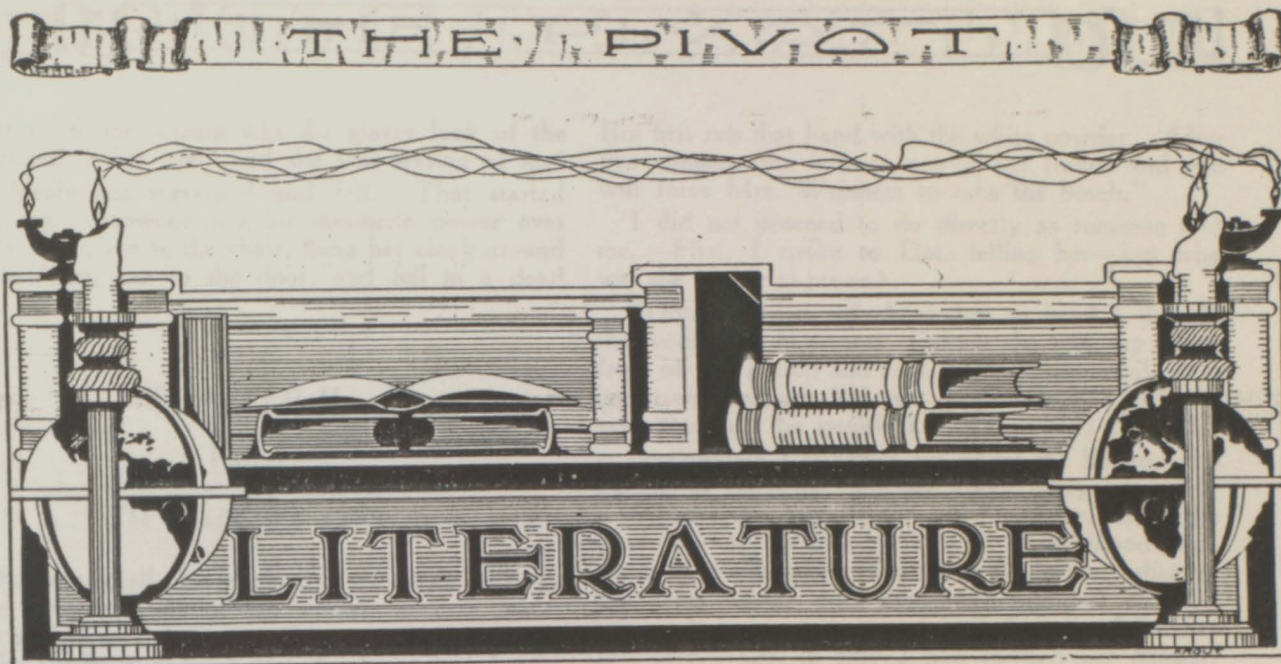
DEAR PARENT:

It is one of the constant questions of the old school that there is no road to learning. It seems that many young people are striving to discover some kind of short cut. They are anxious to perform the labor necessary to achieve results. I wish they would remember that they are working on a principle that is contrary to the laws of nature when the mind is obtained something without effort. They should also bear in mind that no one can successfully copy the laws of nature. An impossible law is that we can not gain any more than we have gained so, and the pupils who imagine that they are getting an education while they are only getting a smattering of it, are doomed to poor scholarship.

A good school is a good road to learning. The road is not a vehicle but the road can be smoothed. Conventions may be placed along the way, things must not waste the wayfarer, but the wayfarer must travel on his own power. The physical body grows strong by exercise, and the same thing applies to our minds. Even though we might reach the object matter of an education without the labor of acquiring it, it would be of little use to us because the effort to acquire furnishes the thing to use, and there is no other way.

Parents sometimes come to me on behalf of their children, saying that their children cannot do some of the things that we require. These parents are looking for something to excuse their children of the principles of our American system of the education. They do not know it, but it is true none the less. The parents are misled by the children who have been disappointed in their desire that their tasks be translated into things, and that every one must have recreation. Remember always that there is no recreation without great labor, no strength without strain, no victory without struggle.

William W. Miller
Principal



MASTER

By REBECCA MARANTZ

CHAPTER I.

Introduction

We were at our evening meal, just five of us—my mother, my father, my sister, my brother and I. Mother was serving the first course—some delicious grape-fruit, and over the supper table we were analyzing each other's virtues and faults. Isn't it peculiar how—

"What was that?" asked my brother Jack.

My father looked at him quickly, then looking at me out of the corner of his eye, he said, "Oh, they're at it again. That's all. Go ahead, finish your fruit. What's the trouble, Pearl?"

"Nothing," I answered. "I was trying to think."

However, a great deal was the trouble. Things were a bit confused. You see, as I later found out, I had allowed myself to become wrought up over some tricks of warfare that lived in my mind's eye—I had become so hurt that I had had a breakdown, and the reason my father looked so at Jack was that he wished to spare me any and all pain in trying to think of that dreadful period during which I was so far gone that the remotest desire to get well was the only reason I did get as well as I ever did. The very reason that my father did not wish me to think of it made me do so. I had a curious jumble of a triangle, a fire, a folding bed, a three cornered lot,

foodstuffs, tomato-cans filled with gas, young boys of the age of eleven or thereabouts, a kindly old woman, and electric bomb, a burning but unscorched hand, a girl—or was it a boy—with beautiful black hair and dark eyes, and death. Wasn't this enough to make anyone puzzled?

I thought and thought, and tried, oh, so hard, to think, but it gave me a splitting headache. I pushed away my food and, excusing myself from the room, I went to my bedroom. I changed my dinner frock for something at once light and serviceable. I took one last look in the mirror and started to walk towards the cloakroom—against my will. I took out my sister's cloak and threw it over a chair. Then someone told to sleep. I tried to fight off that all-powerful master, for I wanted to think, but gradually I slept. My sister, Rose came into the room to turn out the light. The same Someone asked me, "Who is she?"

"My sister," I replied. "Rose is her name."

A dead silence followed. I thought the end of my torturing sleep had come. Although my eyes were closed I could see Rose standing there, her arm stretched upward to turn out the light, dressed in a white, flowing dress, and hair down. But what

THE PRIVATE

almost made me scream was the glassy look of the hypnotized in her eye—and she was staring at me!

Suddenly she screamed and fell. That started everything. Someone lost his mesmeric power over me. I woke, ran to the chair, flung her cloak around my shoulders, ran to the door, and fell in a dead faint.

* * * *

CHAPTER II.

Part I

The Kindly Old Lady.

"Oh, please tell us something," we cried, and one of the most motherly-looking women I ever came across smiled an indulgent smile.

"She surely is a good pick for her job," I said with a touch of admiration and sarcasm in my voice. No one knew what I meant—neither did I, at the time. I know now, but—I know now because only I lived who saw it, and only Dot and I knew how it was brought about.

She was one of these real old-fashioned, plump, gossipy old women, and she sort of had the air of a commander-in-chief when among us girls.

Before she began to speak, she looked about for something under the chairs lined up against the wall of her little candy store. She finally brought forth a twelve-inch square box. Great difficulty was experienced in opening the box. When it was opened, she drew out a black ball with a very peculiar percussion cap at the top. This she passed around to us, saying meanwhile, "Now, this bomb was shipped to me from the factory. You will notice the peculiar percussion cap. Now, now, Dot. Be careful, or you will hurt yourself. All it needs to start its funny work is a push on this percussion cap. You see, it is charged with an electric battery, all set and ready for action. Well, when an unsuspecting victim handles this kind of material, he will unknowingly push this lever here, and, well, he won't have time to say goodbye."

"Well, I do—" exploded from Dot. "Let's see what sort of work it can do."

"If you please, Mrs. Weinhem, may I have that electric bomb.—I can show you how it works without danger to you or anyone else's pretty hands." And I pulled the bomb away.

I turned my back on them all, and I felt that they were eyeing me with wonder, surprise, fear and other foolish, groundless emotions. I worked on the bomb. I took it apart. Inside I found a battery and a fuse hidden in one compartment. The rest of the ball was filled with a sort of white powder. Someone said to me, "Call Dot." I did so. "Now, tell her to hold her hand above her head with the bomb.

But first rub that hand with the white powder. After five minutes, she will go out of her trance and you will force Mrs. Weinhem to take the bomb."

I did not proceed to do directly as someone told me. First, I spoke to Dot, telling her—but why was she staring at me so?

"Dot," I cried. I shook her so hard I thought she would fall in pieces. Calmly she took my hands from off her person and said mechanically, while staring straight ahead, "If you do not do what Master says you shall be punished. Master says proceed."

Immediately I stiffened out under the hypnotic influence of Someone, and set about doing my work. I rubbed Dot's hand in the white powder, closed the bomb, and lit the fuse by the heat of my blood flowing from a pin-prick. Suddenly Dot's hand shot up above her head. Her hand was burning! It was burning because of Someone's evil designs. I felt hot and cold. Oh, if only I had resisted my Master, and first of all my sudden impulse to grasp that accursed bomb from the doubly cursed Mrs. Weinhem. Oh, if only I could bring myself to undo the work I had done. By the way, who was Mrs. Weinhem? A woman—what was she, really—who claimed to be everyone's friend. But was she? Was she in league with my mysterious Master? . . . Oh, if I could only get to Dot and stop this madness. But I felt powerless to move a limb, until suddenly Dot said, "The five minutes are up."

Her hand stopped burning. She came out of her trance. I moved forward, wanted to say how much I had feared for her safety, but all I could say was "And now, Mrs. Weinhem, I know you will not refuse when I tell you to take this bomb. You see, I have proved that I could work successfully. You will now take it."

"God," she gasped. Then she screamed and kicked and squirmed in her chair. "I don't want to hold it. No. God! Oh, my God! Why did he ever choose me? Oh, Master, Master, what have I done to warrant Weszt's wrath. Oh-h-." And so she raved. She was suddenly quieted, and she took the bomb, whereupon her hand began to burn. She opened her mouth to scream, but uttered no sound. Slowly we watched her burn to death, powerless under the influence of Master.

* * * *

PART II.

The O. P. P. P. S.

It was an awful night in the autumn. The wind was howling through the trees, trying to warn someone of the dangers waiting for him in the sinister darkness. But what did we care how it was outside. We

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were in a warm, dimly-lit cave, proceeding with the initiation of Brother Nerve in the O. P. P. P. S.

"Brother Nerve," said Master in an impressive tone, "you are about to enter the O. P. P. P. S. But first you must undergo a series of questions to which you are to give unhesitating replies. Do you swear by your life and the lives of all near and dear to you never to even whisper a word of what takes place here?"

"I swear by my life and the lives of all near and dear to me never to tell of what happens here."

"Then sleep," commanded Master.

Brother Nerve slept. Then followed a number of questions which are not very important and which merely led up to the one we were all waiting for—"What was the most fantastic dream you ever dreamed?"

Brother Nerve paused to reflect. Then he began:

"We were eating. There were three of us, two girls and myself. Our house was the only one left in Newark. It was a three-story house—six family but we were the only ones living in Newark besides an old woman and her three sons, aged between eleven and fifteen. They slept in the open for some unaccountable reason. I was sixteen years of age. One of the girls, Pearl, was twelve, and the other, Rose, nine. It was the time when peace had just been declared, but the Germans had not yet been withdrawn from Newark. Suddenly our house was bombed. Out of the entire ruin we managed to save ourselves and a folding cot. The old woman had suddenly disappeared.

"It was night, and we wanted to sleep. I had long since found that we could sleep in spite of the noises going on if we only wished to hard enough. I slept on the top of the cot with the heavens for a blanket; Rose slept in the middle, and Pearl on the cold, cold ground. We slept—it must have been for an hour. Pearl awoke and informed us in a matter-of-fact tone that Someone had told her poisoned gas was in the air at the present time and that we should put on our masks immediately. We started to ask questions, whereupon she told us to do as she said and to go to sleep. Rose suffocated because her mask had a leak in it. I was partly done for, but still retained enough consciousness to watch the actions of Pearl and those of the old woman's boys, who suddenly turned out to be German spies."

"I saw the boys creep up to see what had become of her. I saw her jump out of the cot, over their heads, and run out into the open lot. I saw two German spies run after her. One stayed near the cot. She paused when she came to the center of the lot. The German lads were so near her and were

running so fast that they could not stop to hold her but had to run quite a distance ahead of her before they could stop themselves. I saw Pearl suddenly fall. The two German lads came towards her. They picked her up, discovered a hole in her mask, quickly changed it for one at her side, and, acting as props, she was half carried between them.

"I saw her then put her arms about their shoulders. She spoke to one, then to the other, and stood stock-still. They faced her. She looked at them steadily. "Go," she ordered. They said not a word, but faced about and went each to a corner of the lot. The three German lads now formed a triangle with the peak at our cot. Pearl reflected for a moment. Then she ran with increasing speed in an attempt to dash between the two lads she had just ordered to leave her. They closed in on her. She stumbled and fell, causing a leak in her mask. In one minute's time she was nearly gone.

"The two lads kicked her, and said, 'She's gone, now, for sure. She was hard, and she almost got us under the control of Master, but we got her. Let's go.'

"Meanwhile, I saw Pearl change her mask again. They turned for a brief second. She quickly got up and ran towards me. Strange to say, the lad at my end of the lot was unconscious of what was going on. Pearl ran to me. She threw something over me, then she fell—dead.

"For five full minutes all of us were paralyzed with fear. Then Pearl rose slowly and stiffly, and said in an awful voice (it was so low, to monotonous and weird), 'This has all occurred because Master wished it. You, Jack, will soon receive an invitation to join the O. P. P. P. S. Join it. Tell this dream when you are asked to do so. Your father and sister will be there. I shall be there. Don't ask for any of us. Don't look for us. You will find out who we are. As for your share—you German lads—you are to die within five minutes. You thought to escape Master by killing me, but you are at last trapped. Master wills that you die. Jack, tell Rose to come with me.'

"I then saw Rose rise and mutely follow Pearl. Where they went, I don't know. The German lads took one step forward, and fell, at last trapped by the Master. That's all."

Brother Membrane asked for the floor. He was recognized by the Master. He said, "Most high and mighty Master and fellow P. P. P. S's.: I make a motion that Brother Nerve be admitted to the O. P. P. P. S. in the usual way." The motion was seconded and carried.

Brother Nerve was then released from his hypnotized state and told the secrets of the Order.

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In the process of being introduced to his brethren, Jack, or Brother Nerye discovered Rose as Brother Membrane and in the Master, he discovered father. He did not find out who I was.

* * * *

CHAPTER III.

Conclusion.

"Jack! Rose! Father! Come here, quick, and I fell back exhausted.

Jack was already near me. He tried to soothe me, but I tossed about, incessantly shouting, "I have found him at last. I know him. I tell you, I know who he is. Father! The Master! Father! Father! Jack, you won't have to hush up again when there is a noise outside. Master won't and can't influence me again. Oh, don't think I'm insane. I know—Jack, what has happened since I left the table.

Jack, glad that for the moment at least I would be quiet, began: "I don't know exactly, but you must have been asleep quite some time. After Rose came up to your room we heard a scream. We went up and saw Rose and you had fainted. Rose recovered almost immediately. You, however had been found with her cloak on you, and you were near the door. After about two hours, you began to toss about and mumble something about and electric bomb and Master and death. Then you kept quiet for a while. Then you imagined you were in a cave at a meeting of some O. P. P. P. S., I think it was, and you were dreaming of initiation and poisoned gas, more death, and some prophecy that ended up with the killing of three German spies by a certain Master who seems to be the controlling element of your actions."

I heaved a sigh of relief for no reason at all. "Is that all, Jack?"

"That's all."

Suddenly I screamed. "Jack, he's coming to take me! Jack, Master is coming. I feel it. I know it. Oh, Jack! Don't, Master, please. Jack! Jack! Hold me! He's forcing me to come to him. Jack Mother! Look!"

Jack looked about, but saw nothing. His attention was drawn to the door. He saw the handle moving silently. He stood and gazed, filled with horror. I got up and opened the door. My father stepped in.

"Father!" Jack cried.

"Master!" I said. "You have come to take me away. I am ready. But first, you must answer me. Who was the old lady? Was she a German? Why did those German lads speak so the first time I was dead?"

"Be calm, Pearl. Calm down. I am not your Master. Your case has been analyzed and the doctor told me what was the trouble. You had been reading so much about auto-suggestion and the power and control of the will, that you dreamed about it. Just what you dreamed, we can't make out. But you raved about a Master all the time. You became so tangled in the meshes of auto-suggestion and will-power that you allowed yourself to think that I and the doctor were your mysterious Master. When Doctor made you take some nasty medicine, you imagined you were helping to do away with some sort of a crime in your dream, while you really were helping the medicine do away with your disease."

"Well, I'm glad it was only that," each and every one of us sighed.

FINIS.

SPRING

By OSCAR M. LASSER

Now winter with its winds and frigid air
Has gone. Sweet spring in all its balminess
Arrives with scented beauty: Blooming trees
All sprout their verdant loveliness; the leaves
Break forth in splendor wondrously arrayed.
We hear the merry chirping of the birds,
Content with springtime's happy thoughts and love,
They flutter round and nestle on the boughs,
The tiny foundlings open wide their mouths
While ones with sweet maternal pride drop in
A well sought feast. All is serene once more.

The budding flowers awake in warmth again;
Awake from lengthy dreams in frigid earth
That chilled and froze the very soul within;
Awake to shed their wintry cloaks and show
Their multicolored gowns in bright display,
Awake to permeate the air above
With insense rare. We see them nod their heads
In every zephyr mild. The swaying fields
Of scented clover ripple in smooth waves.
Soon sunset with its golden glow spreads o'er
The heav'ns above. All is serene once more.

APRIL FOOL

By SOPHIE WIENER

If he were not good-looking and egotistic, this story would not have been. But thanks to all that is handsome, we have Ruddy Blank. Ah! Ruddy! There is Ruddy Vasilino, Ruddy Brewster and about a thousand other nice Ruddy's but they are a thousand times less handsome than our Ruddy. Now you know he's handsome. And he's an egotist, no not an egoist, there is a difference. An egotist is one who is constantly thinking about himself. An egoist is one who thinks only for himself. Ruddy was good-looking and egotistical, but besides that he was a good fellow.

Mrs. Merry was sewing my graduation dress. She was a nice woman, always with a smile and a word for you, or a few words. She would come every afternoon for a few hours and sew and talk—mostly the latter.

"Polly, are you going to have sleeves in this dress?" she queried.

"Sure. Do you think I would parade around with bare, skinny arms?" I asked highly surprised. I think that is what got her talking about Ruddy Blank's beautiful body as a baby.

"When I was at Mrs. Blank's she showed me Ruddy's picture. He won a prize in Body Beauty Babies' Contest. She keeps the picture in the album on the table. Yes, I saw that baby, and say, he was the cutest thing. He was so round and fat and all smiles. His chest was as white as your dress, and seemed as if when you'd touch it, it would dent in like a rubber ball. And his little fat legs—they were too cute for words. Him kicking them up and trying to catch his toes—"

"Ouch," I cried, not in a soft sweet voice of a lady. But really, the pin point was so sharp, and I felt it. Mrs. Merry based the sleeves and prepared the neckband, then departed.

Mischievous thoughts had already taken possession of root. If I could only get that picture. May Levson was going to have her party on Sunday! Ruddy is in love with the pretty girl. Ruddy's confounded "I"-ness! He would be the center of attraction as he always is. Next Sunday is April 1! All the fellows will be down from college and all the girls are preparing for a good time. I was thinking for about I don't know how long, when I heard the music of clanging and jangling dishes.

"Pep, aren't you hungry?" That was the pet joke of the family. I am always hungry and eat, eat, eat! Hence my middle name. Someone wonders at my name 'Pep.' It's just the initials of my

real name, Polly E. Prym. Personally I think the name unsuitable, because I'm tall and stringy. Everybody marvels at my nose—it's so long! And my mouth is just a cut from ear to ear. But when I laugh, gosh, I bet it goes clear around my head. But my brother Bob, he's a good sport. He says all there is to me is my eyes and that is not much. They're small, and round when I laugh they sort of close up altogether. Bob says they are rather expressionless—I mean expressive, I always get those two words mixed around.

After supper I went around to Ruth Blank to see how her dress is coming along. She was just finishing drying her dishes, so I waited in the parlor. The family album was lying serenely upon the table and I felt my pale cheeks grow flushed. I opened the cumbersome book, and looked at the various funny figures all set as if to fight.

I felt the blood surge into my cheeks making two hectic patches of red, as I gazed on the naked form of a child. All curves were perceptible—too much so. The moon-face of the child was very pretty as much as you could see of it. This was a picture all feet. I was so engrossed in the sight that I did not hear Ruth's approach. Suddenly, I heard the gurgle of a laugh, and I knew that I was caught.

"Oh Pep, what are you up to?" Ruth was a good sport. That is why I liked her. I unfolded my plan to her. We sat like two conspirators. Heads together, and talking earnestly. Finally we were through. But not without many thrills and laughs. There was still a week before the party, and lots of things were yet to be done.

I spent my allowance that week at the photographers. He was very obliging when I gave him my order for a dozen reproductions. They would be ready Thursday. Ruth and I were constantly seen together during that last week, and we certainly were very excited. We were so wrapped up in our secret that we were dead to the world. Sunday was drawing closer.

Sunday morning! I kicked my covers off and stretched my long legs. My spindle arms flew up to the ceiling and came down again. The curtains were fluttering in the April breeze. All was astir. The birds started a morning hymn. The newsboy took it up. But not before the milkman. I heard the sound of motors swishing down the street. I listened until it sounded like a faint thunder making up its mind to burst for sadness. Then I heard myself think. Today's April fool!

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"Oh, Bob." I bounded out of bed throwing my wrapper around me. Oh! Bob! There's some dumb Annie calling for you so early in the morning. That operator will go to Dante's imagination if she doesn't let up ringing like mad." I assumed an injured air, while tugging at sleeping Bob. I asked him whether his girl is always an early bird, and hurried to my room. Soon I heard Bob rushing downstairs throwing over the umbrella stand in his hurry to get down. I turned the key in my door and laughing away as I heard the family getting out into the corridor to see what's what. I jumped into bed and pulled the covers over me and fell into a sweet sleep.

* * * *

May's home looked beautiful with the shaded lights and decorations. I called for Ruth and hardly could contain myself waiting for nine o'clock, for we were not going to be the first up. Finally, we went up. The crowd had already gathered. May was worried because Ruddy was missing. He had not called her up and she really felt bad. I was beginning to wish the thing over. The suspense was terrible. Ruth was so nervous that she bit her dainty lace handkerchief viciously. The crowd in general was having a good time. They held postcards in their hands and laughed and shrieked so much that I thought they would have hysterics. I knew them to be laughing at the baby picture. The photographer said he would mail them to the addresses I gave him. And he had done so. Why didn't Ruddy show up? The joke was very good. Everybody was enjoying himself immensely. The remarks passed were taken up and passed around and called up again. Music struck up from behind palm plants. Tinkling of ukeleles soothed my high-pitched nerves. I was dancing with Dick Pemsly.

"That's the best yet," he told me. "When did you do it?"

"One always finds time for such practical jokes." I was laughing to myself. I was glad they liked it.

"But why couldn't you pick someone better? Couldn't you find anyone willing to stand it?" he asked me-amused.

"Why, wasn't he good enough? I thought he was just the one." I was becoming fed up with all this talk. Why don't they let it go at that? But no, everyone was headed for us after the dance, and laughed so mysteriously that I thought of the puzzle of La Giocanda's smile that Da Vinci made famous.

"Pep, you're the limit. I'd never thought it of you." And the crowd went on smirking and laughing foolishly.

"That's just what he gets for being so wrapped up in himself." I explained. "After all he's just

an innocent little babe and there's no joke at all, that I can see." I was really getting vexed. I began to feel sorry about it. In the midst of all the chatter, in comes Ruddy. I felt so relieved, I couldn't tell why. Ruddy naturally walked up and greeted us. He looked nicer than ever. But his face was lit with a peculiar smile, that I remember seeing him have when he used to eat some candy under his desk in school.

"Hello, old top, you're feeling rather frisky. Nes-ce pas?" I could not think of a single word to say.

"No friskier than you felt at one time," he answered. I thought that answer was a hint. Could he have found out? It was too late anyway for action. Who cares?

I seemed rather surprised when I noticed a bevy of girls and boys surrounding me. There was a catch somewhere. Finally I heard somebody asking me:

"Don't you think he's a little too brunette? I always thought you preferred blondes. What on earth was he referring to? Ruddy was as white as a duck on the picture.

"Why, let me see. I hadn't noticed his complexion." I was terribly annoyed at the roar of laughter that greeted me. If they would only stop that silly laughter.

"Here, my mysterious beauty. Pray, tell us the name of that lucky fellow." What a stupid thing to say when there was the name of the picture. I could not tell you how I felt, but perhaps you would know if you were a box of fresh eggs and someone dropped you. That's just how I felt—smashed. I took one final look at the picture, and was in hysterics. When I came to, I demanded an explanation from Ruddy. He was just now my mortal enemy.

"Pep, you remember the time when Bob went to France? The whole family was at the depot crying and kissing him. I happened to have the camera and when I saw you hang onto Bob's neck I just naturally snapped the picture, never thinking that I could some day have a use of it.

"Last week one day, I was in the parlor, looking for a collar-button I had dropped. I was nosing around on all fours, when I saw you gazing intently on some picture in the album. I guess what you were going to do and resumed my search for the missing article. Soon Ruth troops in and you two start to talk. I won't tell what you said. I can't remember so much. But you were willing to spend your allowance to have it on poor Ruddy. I just kept quiet and fished out that snapshot. I started to get busy. First, I cut out the head of Bob on the picture. Then I fitted one in of some colored fellow who used to play on the team. It worked fine. I went to the photographers and saw my precious picture. He said that for \$10 he would do my stuff

THE PIVOT

and leave yours for the next week. I was just as willing as you were Pep, and I gave him the money and the picture. Then he made the order and sent them out the same addresses as you gave him. There, that's all in a nutshell."

I didn't feel like it, but anyway I played up like a good sport and congratulated Ruddy on his clever idea, and its success. But next year I'm going to fool that fellow so hard, he'll remember and regret it all his days.

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

By NANNETTE LURIE

Mother's birthday was nearing rapidly, and Gertrude and Evelyn Byrde sat unceremoniously on the remains of a used-to-be cider barrel in the back yard, trying to figure out the means for raising two dollars so that they could buy Mrs. Byrde a necklace for her birthday.

"And Mom's birthday is to-morrow," Gertrude uttered in a deep sigh, and gazed meditatively at the cans that ornamented the yard. "We really ought to clean this place up. It's a mess."

"Oh, plenty of time for that. Mother said we could do it anytime we wanted to; and as far as I'm concerned, I'm not likely ever to be crazy over the idea. But," she went on, "I think that after all we'll have to buy Ma something else. We have eight dollars now, haven't we?"

"Uh-huh, and we need ten. I've already put in this week's allowance and though I've nearly starved myself, I couldn't managed to save another cent!"

"Why, seems to me you think you're a martyr. Look at me! I've almost forgotten what candy tastes like, and for the life of me, I couldn't describe an Eskimo Pie, it's so long since I've had one. But, I'll rake up that two dollars if I have to spend the rest of my life in jail for doing what I'm thinking of doing."

Gertrude looked at the ground dreamily, then exclaimed: "Oh, I wish there'd been some pirates or thieves or somethin' around here, and that they'd buried a fortune here somewhere."

"There never were any pirates here, and thieves aren't in the habit of leaving their loot in other people's back yards," Evelyn remarked drily.

"Well, then I wish this one would've been an exception."

Evelyn arose, stifled a yawn, and said, "Since it has to be done, we may as well get it over with. I'm going in to get the broom, the shovel and the pick," she called back over her shoulder, and with that ran down into the cellar. She returned with the broom and shovel trailing along behind, and with the pick over her shoulder.

"You remind me of Father Time," Gertrude laughed.

"Wish I could get hold of the old fellow. I wouldn't let'm go for a week."

She walked over to a corner of the yard and gave a groan. "Just look at that stone, Gertie! Come here, you must help me."

"I think I'd better go up and visit grandfather. I heard him say that he wasn't feeling well."

The "grandfather" was in reality not a grandfather to them at all, but merely a distant relative, who had come from the West several years ago, and had been living with them since, they being the only relatives he had left. He dearly loved the girls and they were equally fond of him. They loved to hear him tell, in his thin, piping voice, of the thrilling adventures he had had in the West while a youth.

"No, you're not going up now, you're merely trying to get out of doing some work. Come here and help me with that stone."

The stone proved to be deeper in the earth than it had appeared to be, and they tugged and tugged at it, but though the earth seemed to be loose around it, they had a hard time removing it. They had put the stone to one side, and Gertrude was about to throw some dirt back into the cavity, when Evelyn cried, "Stop! What's that? It looks like tin, and looks like the corner of something." She dropped to her knees and a few seconds of labor, revealed a tin oblong box.

"Gertie!" she whispered excitedly, and then after fingering the clasp for some time, she was able to throw the lid back. There lay a roll of bills held together with a rubber band!

Both were struck speechless. Gertrude was the first to recover. "What did I tell you, someone did leave money here," she said in a hoarse whisper.

Evelyn sprang up and danced around the yard, waving the roll of bills. Her eyes sparkled.

"Oh, Jiminy, now we can buy Ma a hundred necklaces, if we want to! I'm going up to show Grandpa," and away she flew. Hardly was she at the door of the room when Gertrude came panting up.

After they had knocked, a weak "Come in," was heard, and in they bounded.

THE PIVOT

"Look, Grandpa," they cried simultaneously, "we just found this in the yard," and Evelyn held up the roll of bills.

"Why that's my money," he gasped. "How did you find it?"

They looked at each other questioningly. They related the details interrupting each other at various intervals.

"Surely," he cried when they had finished, "I buried it there myself. I thought," he said, lowering his voice, "to leave it to you after I am gone."

"But why did you never put it in a bank?" Evelyn asked after a moment.

"Oh, I don't trust them things. There was one out my way and it failed and I know a lot of people that lost their money."

"What's the matter," he asked. "You look so gloomy."

"Gee," sighed Gertrude, "we were two dollars

short for the present we wanted to buy Ma and we thought that now we could — oh, what's the use?"

"Y'need the money, girls? Two dollars? Why you can have it now, cause you're going to have it all some day anyway," and he drew forth a two-dollar bill. "But, don't tell anybody."

* * * *

Mrs. Byrd came down to breakfast on her birthday with the necklace on.

"But, my darlings," she protested, after she had told them how much she loved it, "where did you get the money?"

Evelyn and Gertrude nudged each other and exchanged glances.

TRAVELOQUE

By MILTON WEINIK

We are two happy Romeos,
We come from gay Paree.
We haven't any sense at all,
As shortly you will see.

We've travelled over many lands,
But back to this country,
We've come to tell our wonder tale,
As shortly you will see.

At first we went to Egypt far,
And into ecstasy.
We saw the king of Egypt's tomb,
His walls and canopy.

Then off we went to Africa,
To see the bamboo tree,
Were captured by the cannibals
To be their Fricassee.

Escaped and flew to Netherlands,
To France and Germany,
And there we lived for many years
In bliss and gaiety.

So next we sailed to Chinaland,
By way of the China Sea,
And saw how wrestlers oil their skin,
To slip their bodies free.

The sight that met our eyes in Greece,
Artistic to behold,

Was of the ancient Parthenon,
And many temples old.

Then back to Sunny Italy,
The land of olive groves,
You go to school in gondolas,
And have no use for stoves.

The bushmen in Australia, then
Taught us a thing or two,
On how to throw the boomerang,
So it comes back to you.

In Spain, the dark-eyed vamps we saw,
And thought perhaps we'd stay,
But homesick for the states, we grew,
And left for them next day.

Our story now we've told to you,
It's wonderful you see,
We know we've had a jolly time,
And hope you'll all agree.

For travel, if you have a chance,
The pleasures all your own,
You see and learn the livelong day,
Things heretofore unknown.

To those who do not wish to leave
Their safe and happy home,
May we suggest a geography?
Or read again this poem.

Let you forget
Maurice R. F.

THE PIVOT

Max J. Herzberg
J. A. Bally
Carl M. Rios

Andrew S. Hegeman
A. M. Walling.
Henry M. Goodstein

Non Ministrari Sed Ministrare

Br. Riemer
Benjamin B. Strong

Caroline M. Schlarbaum

S. Mich

F. Batterson

Jessie S. Furst



Gustav Carlson

Conrad E. Lott

Edgar H. Peterson

To Dr. H. H. Schleicher

Nicola Lavers

who has, during our Senior year been our guide and friend, we dedicate this issue of our Senior Pivot.

Orvin W. Swodgrass

Thomson's Life,
but you find it

THE PIVOT



PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS
LASSER, OSCAR M. 92 Brunswick Street

Technical. Prospects: Princeton

"Half my kingdom for thy brains."

Editor-in-chief of Senior PIVOT; Associate Editor of PIVOT; President of 4A Class; President of 4C Class; Vice-President of Central Service Club; Secretary of Technical Club; Author of 4A Show; Literary Board Chairman of PIVOT; Chess and Checkers Club; President of Journalist Club; Central Forum; Class Relay; Second Team Basketball; Armory Exhibition; Central Literary Club, English "C."

Oscar as president of our class has rendered invaluable services. His amiable personality is sure to win him success in his lines of endeavor.



VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS
GAVALAS, GEORGIANA 51 Baldwin Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: —

"A silent lass, in thought profound

Genius of learning and to duty bound."

Vice-President of 4A Class; Secretary of 4B Class; 4C Executive Board; Girls' Service Club; 1C Social Committee; Secretary Girls' Dramatic Club; Secretary Latin Club; G. O. Delegate Mathematics Club; Literary Staff Senior PIVOT Board; Dancing Class; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition Pageant.

Georgiana is a girl of great ability. Despite her great interest in her studies she has participated in many school activities. We wish her the greatest success.



SECRETARY OF THE CLASS
SABEL, SYLVIA 102 Sixteenth Avenue

Commercial French. Prospects: Undecided

"Good things come in small packages"

Secretary 4A Class; 4B Step-Inn Show; 4C Executive Committee; 4C Carnival; Senior PIVOT Board; Personal Department; Staff Typist; "Today" Typist; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Dancing Class; Chess and Checker Club; Treasurer of Chess and Checker Club; Journalist Club; The Forum; Central Literary Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal.

As can be seen by the variety of activities, Sylvia is a real "Live Wire." If she continues this she will be a real success.



TREASURER OF THE CLASS
SCHUTZMAN, SAUL 178 Spruce Street,

College Preparatory. Prospects: Syracuse University

"My life is like a stroll upon the beach."

Central Service Club; Dramatic Club; Literary Club; The Forum; Member of "Step-Inn" Cast; Advertising Manager, Senior PIVOT; Treasurer 4A Class; Journalist Club; Central Radio Club; Second Team Basketball Squad.

Saul is one of the boys who have helped put "pep" in our class. His activity is sure to win him success in life.

THE PIVOT



BALENSON, LOUIS *Balenson* 469 South Tenth Street
Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

"Large was he in form and large also in heart."

Book room manager; Technical Club; Radio Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Pistol Club; Math. Club; Chemistry Club; Central Meet Usher; Overalls Club.

Who can say that he knew Louis without liking him. As manager of the book-room he has rendered valuable services.



BARHASH, ABE 105 Waverly Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"A blithe heart makes many friends."

Chess and Checkers Club; Stamp Club; Coin Club; Rifle Team; Forum; Journalist Club; Property Manager 4A Show; Webster-Haynes Debating Club; History Club; Math. Club.

True to the above quotations, Abe has made many friends in Central who wish him well.



Sincerely Jeanette
BARON, JEANETTE 366 Hunterdon Street

Course: 4 Yr. Commercial. Prospects: Undecided



BAUMANN, ROSALIND 584 Hunterdon Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set."

Sincerely Rosalind
Glee Club; Girls' Dramatic Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Girls' A. A. Girls' Dancing Club; Dante Literary Society; Centro Casteland; Literary Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Journalist Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Gym Exhibition; Barnstormers.

If we combine good nature, winning disposition and willing spirit we have Rosalind. She is one of our best sports.



BEARDER, GLADYS

30 Halstead Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"I want to be friends with you and have your love."

Girls' Service Club; Central Girl Reserves; Swimming Club; Girls' A. A.; Dancing Class.

If Gladys were not in our class, what a loss it would be. We would miss her good nature and willingness to help.



BERMAN, LIONEL

66 Hillside Avenue

Arts. Prospects: New York University.

"He was not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself."

Central Service Club; G. O. Executive; City Editor Senior PIVOT Board; Stamp and Coin Club; The Forum; History Club; Journalist Club.

Lionel certainly deserves the title of best all-round fellow. He has a large quantity of that allusive material, "School Spirit." Here's luck, Lionel.



CARL, DANIEL

487 So. 12th Street

Course: Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

Technical Club; Rifle Club; Chess and Checkers Club.



CARTER, WILFRED

115 Plane Street

Course: Technical. Prospects: Stevens



CHICK SARAH

52 Charlton Street

Commercial French. Prospects: Business

Good girl



CLARK, HAZEL

276 Sussex Avenue

Course: Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

Like a young girl



CLAWANS SOPHIE

514 Hunterdon Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"Calm and unruffled as the summer sea."

Central Girls' Reserves; Girls' Swimming Club; Secretary Girls' Swimming Club; Staff Typist; Typewriting Medal; Dramatic Club; Journalist Club; Central Literary Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

Sophie's good nature will bring her reward. She is well liked by those who know her.

COHEN, JACK

63 Boston Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

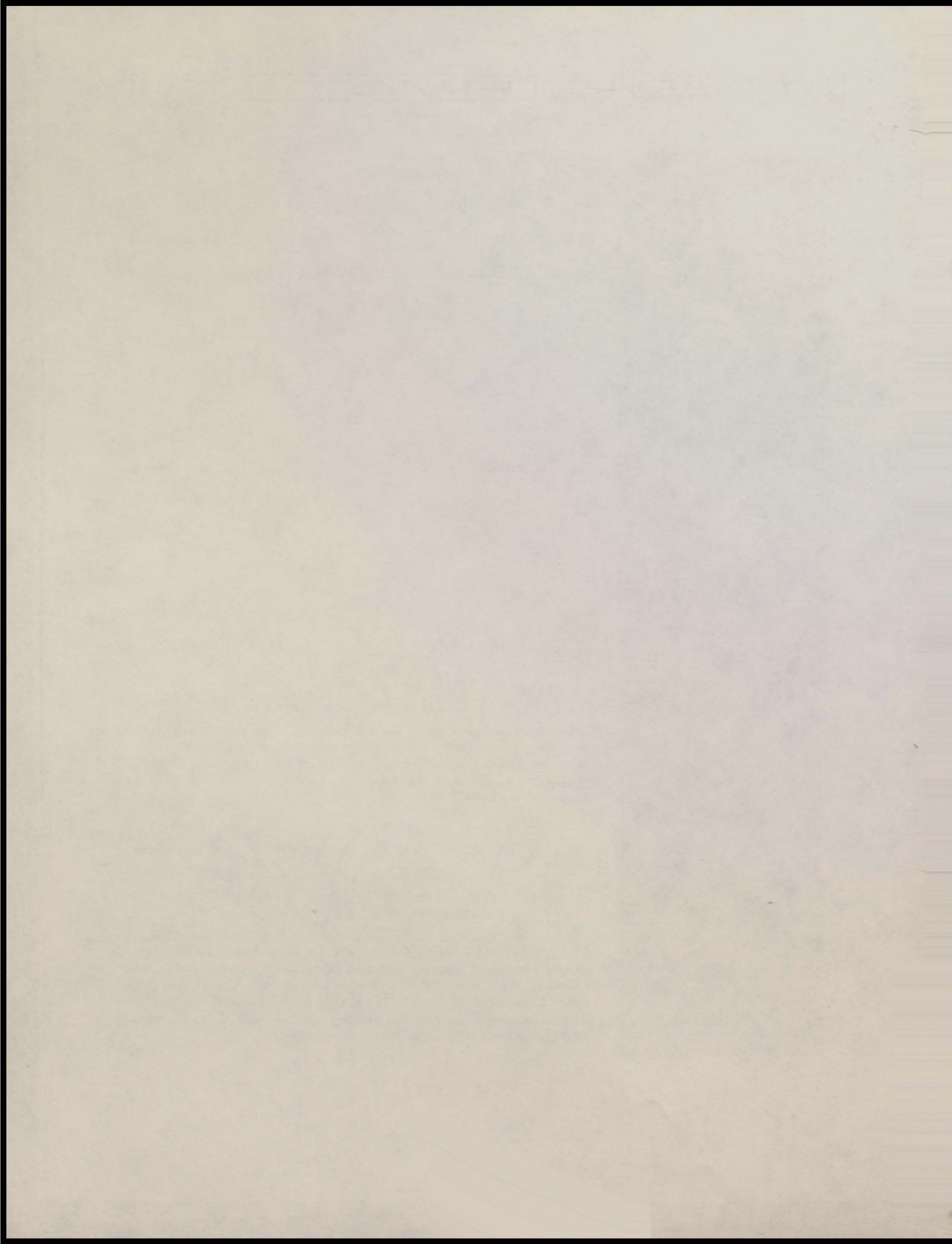
"Behold the child by nature's noddy way;
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Manager Chess and Checkers Club; President Chess and Checkers Club; Winner of Chess Tournament; Captain of Chess Team; Swimming Club; PIVOT Agent; Journalist Club; Barnstormers; Rifle Club; Literary Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Stamp and Coin Club; Personals Department of PIVOT; Hand Ball Club; Tennis Club.

Jack is a good student and popular with the girls as well. He is well chosen the best looking fellow, of our class.

Very Sincerely
Jack Cohen





THE PIVOT

Source: Hope



DRAKE, HOPE

233½ No. 5th Street

Course: Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.



EISENSTEIN, MINNIE

277 Orange Street

Course: General. Prospects: College.



ETKIN, BESSIE

80 Charlton Street

Source: Bessie
Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Music.
"She maketh sweet music."

Girls' Swimming Club; Orchestra; Girls' Operetta; 4C Carnival Committee; PIVOT Agent; Musician for Literary Play; Musical Convention.

Bess is a studious girl and talented in playing the violin. We certainly enjoyed your music, Bessie.



FRIED, HERBERT

522 Hunterdon Street

Commercial. Prospects: Columbia.

"And he certainly was a good fellow."

Chairman Program Committee of History Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Glee Club; Stamp Club.

"Herb" is one of the school's best workers and therefore he is certain to win the success we wish him.

*Dear Bessie
Herbert Fried*

THE FIVE

DRACE HOPE

Commercial Program, Columbia

EISENSTEIN, MIRIAM

Commercial Program, College

ETHEL WEISS

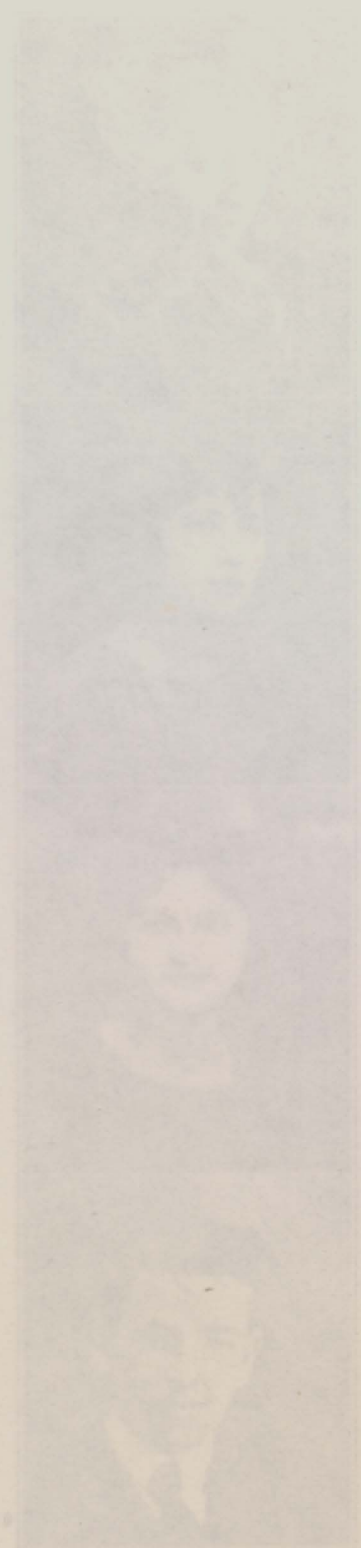
Commercial Program, College

There is a serious and sad trend in the world. We are being exposed to more and more violence. We are being exposed to more and more violence. We are being exposed to more and more violence.

FRIED, HERRERT

Commercial Program, Columbia

And he certainly was a good fellow. Commercial Program, Columbia. "This" is one of the school's best writers and directors. This is one of the school's best writers and directors.





FRIEDLANDER, HARRY

187 Livingston Street

General Arts. Prospects: New York University.

"Men of words are the best men."

Chess and Checkers Club; Radio Club; Stamp Club; Math. Club; Rifle Club; Basketball Squad; Freshman Relay; 4B Basketball Team; Bookroom Agent.

Harry is well liked by his friends because of his willingness to help others.



FORM, HELEN

184 Spruce Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Silence more musical than any song."

Girls' Swimming Club; Girl Reserves; A. A. Glee Club; History Club.

Helen's good nature will win her success.



GALINKIN, BEATRICE

Hillside Avenue

Course: General. Prospects: Business

Sincerely
Bea Galinkin



GERVASIO, GERARDO

1 Nesbitt Street

Course: Technical. Prospects: Stevens

Gerardo Gervasio

THE PIVOT



GOLDFARB, SAUL S.

403 Fairmount Avenue

General. Prospects: Cornell.

"Still waters run deep."

Cast of Step-Inn; Glee Club; History Club; Program Committee of History Club; Literary Club; Rifle Club; Stamp Club; Radio Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Senior PIVOT Board; PIVOT Agent; Dante Literary; Orchestra; Tennis Club.

A very capable and studious lad. May his after life be as successful as his high school career.



GOLDMAN, MAYBELLE

47 Quitman Street

Commercial. Prospects: Music.

" 'Tis good to be merry and wise
'Tis good to be honest and true."

Dancing Class; Girl Reserves; Gym Exhibition; Journalist Club; Girls' Service Club; Senior Slams Committee; Glee Club; Swimming Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Armory Exhibition; Girls' A. A.; Chess and Checkers Club.

You cannot help but be cheerful when you see Maybelle's smile. We certainly will miss you "May."



GREBENCHICK, MOLLIE

99 Broome Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business



GRABLOWSKY, FLORENCE

352 Fairmount Avenue

Music. Prospects: Undecided.

Love to Miss Florence

Remember Me?
Gertrude Krasner.

THE PIVOT



*Wishes for lots
off luck*

HARRIS, MILDRED

137 Pennsylvania Avenue

Arts. Prospects: Normal.

"I love tranquil solitude."

Mildred is a demure little lass, well liked by the many who know her.



HATOW, EDWIN

92 Sixteenth Avenue

Course: College Preparatory. Prospects: College

*Sincerely
Ed Hatow '13*



HEIDEKORN, ANNA

270 Ferry Street

Course: General. Prospects: Undecided.

*Luck
Anna Heidekorn*



HELLER, BELLE

163 Barclay Street

Commercial French. Prospects: Business.

"They are only truly great who are truly good."

Capt. Jr. Basketball; Captain Jr. Baseball; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Secretary of Skyrockets.

Belle is our best girl athlete. As can be seen by her activity she truly deserves that title. We wish you luck, Belle.

*Best wishes.
Belle Heller*

THE PIVOTAL

Handwritten: 1000 copies of book -
1000 copies of book -
1000 copies of book -

Added is a chapter on the well liked by the many who know
the

Handwritten: 1000 copies of book -
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THE PIVOT



INSABELLA, PHILIP

232 Hunterdon Street

Course: General: Prospects: College



KALTMAN, MADELINE

402 Warren Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

Girls' A. A.; Girls' Swimming Club; Basketball Team; Dancing Class; Chess and Checkers Club; "Eagles" of 1920; Centro Castellano; Girls' Gym Exhibition; 218 Gossip Committee; Barnstormers.

Madeline is a live wire student. She has an amiable personality which will bring her success.



*With Love and Best Wishes
Mary Kaplan*

KAPLAN, MARY

181 Pennsylvania Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Normal.

Girls' A. A.; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Secretary Chess and Checkers Club; Secretary Central Literary Club.



KAUFMAN, BENJAMIN

66 Montgomery Street

Course: College Preparatory. Prospects: Undecided

THE PIVOT



Love Ruth M. Krueger.
KRUEGER, RUTH M.

138 Clinton Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Wilson Normal.

"Give me the world and its joy."

Associate Editor of Senior PIVOT; City Editor of PIVOT; Secretary 4C Class; Girls' Service Club; Journalist Club; Swimming Club; Step-Inn; Barnstormers; Girls' Dramatic Club; Girls' Reserves; Gym Exhibition.

Because of her jolly disposition, Ruth is quite popular in Central. Here's hoping she retains her sunny smile throughout her life.



Leikowitz Meyer
LEIKOWITZ, MEYER

303 Belleville Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: Michigan.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Boys' Service Club; Literary Club; Personal Department of Senior PIVOT; Journalist Club; "Love Doctor"; Service Club Basketball Game; Football Squad; Executive Committee of 4B and 4A Class.

Meyer, you have earned yourself the distinction of being class jester but we commend you on the work you have done for the class.



To a sweet little girl
LURIE, NANETTE

Nan 192 Elizabeth Avenue

Course: Commercial. Prospects: Business



MALAMUTH, BETTY

212 Broome Street

Course: Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

THE PIVOT



Helen Mangini
MANGINI, HELEN J.

101 Wilsey Street

Commercial French. Prospects: Business.

"I would help others."

Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition.

Helen has not participated a great deal in school activities, but from the little we know of her we will say she has a pleasing disposition and will surely make good.



MARANTZ, REBECCA

28 Watson Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Patience and gentleness is power."

Author "General Slang's Downfall"; Girls' Dramatic Club; Publicity Committee Girls' Dramatic Club; Literary Committee, Dramatic Club; Central Literary Club; Secretary of Literary Club; Central Literary Play; Journalist Club; Secretary of Journalist Club; Literary Board of PIVOT; Staff Typist; Secretary of 218 Gossip; Girls' Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Girls' Checkers Tournament; Glee Club; Operetta; Secretary of Forum.

Rebecca is one of our quiet popular girls. Her sweet smile makes and keeps many friends. We can only see success ahead of you, Rebecca.



MARKOWITZ, ROSE

152 Livingston Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business.

Dramatic Club; "Gossip of 218"; Swimming Club; Glee Club; 4C Publicity Committee; Dante Literary Society; 4C Carnival Committee.

Rose is one of our lively girls. She is a willing and helpful classmate.



McCORMACK, FLORENCE

55 Webster Street

Florence McCormack
Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

Girls' Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Girls' Glee Club; Journalist Club; Dramatic Club; Secretary Girls' Swimming Club.

Florence is a quiet girl but we value her friendship. Her amiable character will insure her success.

*Lovingly yours
Ida Meisel*



MEISEL, IDA

294 Bergen Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: New York University

Girls' Swimming Club; 4C Ticket Committee; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Dramatic Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

Ida is well known for her charming personality. She will leave many friends in Central.

z



MERRITT, ADELAIDE

66 Chester Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"The essence of goodness."

Girls' Service Club; 40-word Typewriting Medal.

Adelaide is one of our bright girl students. She is very interested in her studies so she has not had time to participate in many school activities.



MILLMAN, EMANUEL

311-98th Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: New York University.

"A true friend is forever a friend."

Chess and Checkers Club; Asst. Book Room Manager; Radio Club; Stamp Club; Math. Club; Rifle Club; Varsity Basketball Squad; 4B Basketball Team; Sophomore Relay.

Manny is another one of our hard workers. While he was at school he made many friends who now part with him with regret.



MYERS, DORA

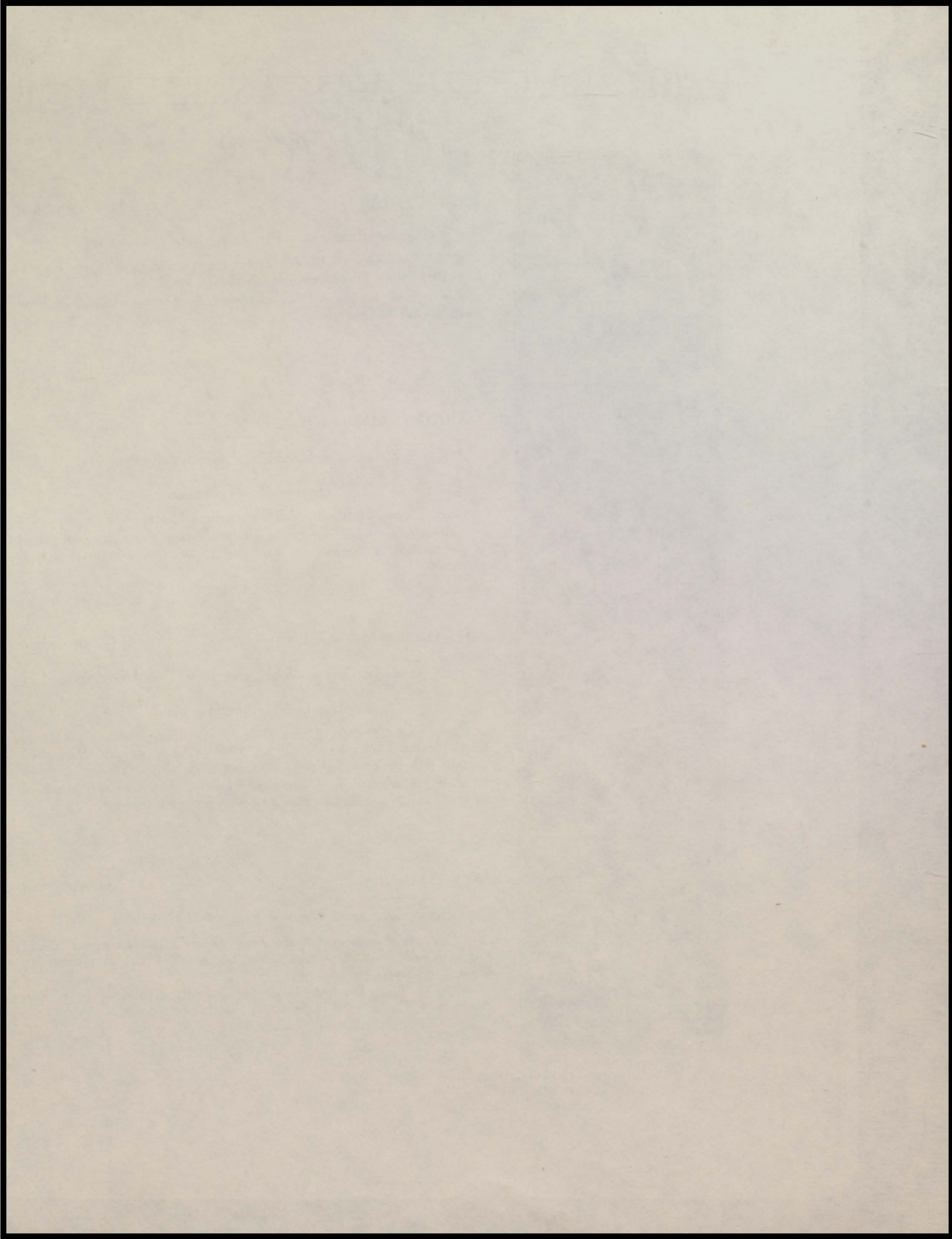
122 Mapes Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud."

Chess and Checkers Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Barnstormers; Gym Exhibition.

Although Dora has been in Central for only a short while she has shown herself as a good student and cheerful companion.



THE PIVOT



O'LEARY, JOHN

31 Fillmore Street

Commercial. Prospects: Law.

"No legacy is so rich as honesty."

Stamp Club; Radio Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Boys' Gym Exhibition.

Although a quiet lad, John is well liked by both students and teachers. Here's luck to you, John.



ORDOWER, MILTON

542 South 20th Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Nothing is impossible to me."

4C Executive Committee; 4C Dance Committee; 4C Prom Committee; 4B Executive Committee; 4B Dance Committee; Central Service Club.

Milton has the making of a good business man. His good nature and his ability to work will certainly win him success.



OSBORNE, LAURA

250 Summer Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Warden's

"She had much wit and was not shy in using it."

Girls' Glee Club; Operetta; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Girls' Swimming Club; Girls' Reserves; Girls' Armory Exhibition.

Laura is the most cheerful girl in our class. Her pleasant smile is well known by everyone.



POTTER, MARIE

373 North Sixth Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business.

"A pleasing countenance is a silent recommendation."

Girls' Basketball Team; Girls' Baseball Team; Girls' A.A.; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Armory Pageant Exhibition.

A glance at Marie's activities shows that she is athletically inclined. However, she has attended well to her studies and is sure to make a good business woman.

*Best Wishes
from
Muddy Rasmick
B.F.H.*



RASMICK, NAT.

184 Howard Street

"Athletics means the world to me."

President General Organization; President 4B Class; Varsity Basketball of 1920-21-22-23; Captain of 1923 Varsity Baseball; Varsity Baseball 1921-22-23; Sporting Editor of PIVOT; Junior Track Team; Winner of English C; Service Club; Armory Exhibition; Chairman of 4B Faculty Game; Rifle Club; Debating Club Literary Club.

"Nat's" chief interest lies in athletics although he does well in his studies. As guard on our team he has rendered Central invaluable service.



ROSEN, FRANCES

111 Howard Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"Talking comes naturally."

Girls' Service Club; Swimming Club; Dramatic Club; 4C Prom Committee; 4B Dance Committee; 4B Executive Board; Glee Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Journalist Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

Frances can talk, yet in spite of this she is one of the pleasantest girls in the class. She will be missed by all who ever knew her.



ROSENBAUM, JEROME

538 So. 12th Street

Technical. Prospects: Normal.

"Work will always conquer."

Central Service Club; Business Manager of Senior PIVOT; Advertising Manager of PIVOT; Technical Club; Treasurer of Radio Club; The Forum; Baseball Squad; Class Relay; Armory Exhibition.

Jerry has shown his business ability as manager of our PIVOT. Here's luck to you, Jerry.



ROSENFELD, EVA

112 Springfield Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business.

"Of manners gentle and affections mild."

Glee Club; Glee Club Play, America Girl; Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

A quiet little miss well liked by all.

THE PIVOT



ROSENTHAL, PAULINE

587 Bergen Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business

"A true friend is forever a friend."

Girls' Swimming Club; Central Literary Club; History Club; Debating Forum; Journalist; Underwood Typing Medal.



ROTH, MARTIN

262 Bruce Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Wharton School of Finance

Much talk, much foolishness."

Senior PIVOT Board; Swimming Club; Barnstormers; Forum; Class Relay.

Martin is an ideal companion and a good student. We will all miss him when he leaves.



SCHULZ, HAROLD A.

21 Washington Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Business.

"I awoke one day to find myself famous."

Technical Club.

Schulz has been a quiet and studious fellow. We are sure he will make good in business.



SHAFFER, LEON

231 Jelliff Avenue

General Latin. Prospects: Medicine.

"There's in him stuff that put him to these ends."

History Club; Glee Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Tennis Club; Stamps Club; Dante Literary Club; Rifle Club.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

ROSETHA PAULINE 507 Linden Street

Commercial Course, Progress, Business

"A true friend is better than a hundred enemies"

Gold Standard Club, Central Library Club, History Club, De
bating Forum, Youngsters' Club, Typing School

ROTH MARTIN 507 Linden Street

Commercial Course, Progress, Business School of Business

"Much talk, much business"

Junior First Board, Business Club, The Business Forum, Club
Relay

History is an ideal companion and a good teacher. We will all
miss him when he leaves

SCHUBERT HAROLD A 51 Washington Avenue

Technical Course, Progress, Business

"I made one day to find myself famous"

Technical Club

Schubert has been a great and kindhearted fellow. We are sure he will
make good in business

SHAFER LEON 231 John Avenue

General Course, Progress, Business

"There's no time like the present to start now"

History Club, Chess and Checkers Club, Tennis Club,
Stamp Club, Dance Library Club, Rifle Club



THE PIVOT

Sol Schary



SCHARY, SOL.

140 Springfield Avenue

Arts. Prospects: Pratt

"To draw true beauty shows a master's hand."

Treasurer of Central Service Club; Journalist Club; Art Editor of PIVOT.

The covers of the PIVOT for the past few years show that Sol is an exceedingly good artist. We all wish him success in his profession.



SMITH, MARGARET

135 Verona Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Diligence is the mother of good luck."

Girls' Swimming Club; 218 Gossip Committee; Literary Club; Dramatic Club; General Slang's Downfall; Girls' A. A.

Margaret is a quiet girl and a good student. Her pleasant smile is known all over our fair school.



SOCHAR, OLGA

476 So. 11th Street

Course: Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided



TROPP, BLANCHE

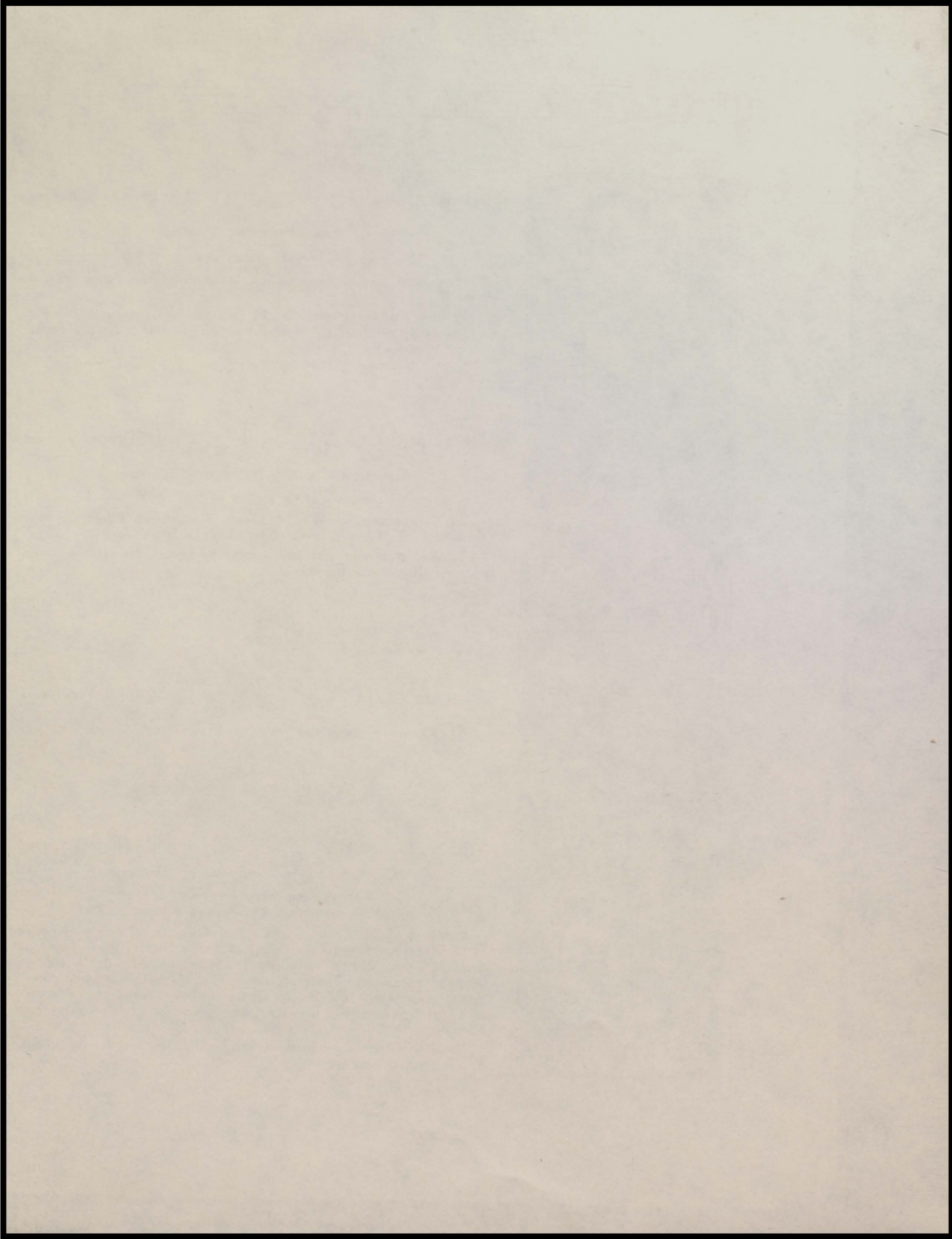
64 Hunterdon Street

Commercial French. Prospects: Business.

"With blushing cheeks and laughing eyes,
You wouldn't think she was so wise."

President of 4C Class; Treasurer of 4B Class; Literary Reporter of Girls' Service Club; City Editor of Senior PIVOT; Staff Typist of Senior PIVOT; Winner of 40-word Typewriting Medal; Winner of 50-word Typewriting Medal; Step-Inn; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Decoration Committee of Girls' Service Club; 1C Social Committee; Member of Girls' Service Club; Literary Club; Journalist Club; Armory Exhibition.

Blanche is certainly a hard worker for the class and for the school. We will surely miss her.



THE PIVOT



VERONICK, MOLLIE

70 Thirteenth Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."

Charter member of the Dramatic Club; General Slang's Play; Dancing Class; Swimming Club; 4C Prom.



WEINK, MILTON

645 South Eighteenth Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: New York University

"Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity."

Junior track squad; Senior PIVOT Board; 4A Show; Junior Class Relay Team; Senior Class Relay Team; Tennis Club.

Milton has been a quiet and studious fellow. He will be missed by all his friends when he leaves Central.



WIENER, SOPHIE

292 Peshine Avenue

"A pleasant voice with a pleasant smile."

President of Girls' Swimming Club; Vice-President of 4B Class; Treasurer of 4C Class; Secretary of Central Literary Club; Dramatic Club; Central Girls' Reserves; Journalist Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Literary Board of PIVOT; 4B Bazaar Committee; Chairman of Literary Board, Senior PIVOT; Winner of English "C".

Sophie is one of the popular girls of our class. Her pleasant disposition has won for her this popularity.



YAMPOLSKY, SARAH

305 Peshine Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"As modest as the violet."

Girls' Service Club; Swimming Club; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Journalist Club; 4C Prom Committee; Gym Exhibition; Dancing Club; 4C Carnival Committee; General Slang's Downfall; Publicity Committee of 218 "Gossip"; Treasurer of Dramatic Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Girls' A. A.

Her charming personality and pleasant ways has made Sarah popular with students and faculty. She has shown herself a loyal classmate and will be missed by all.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

FRANK MOLL
 Commercial Spanish Prospector, Buenos Aires
 A young man in the past, who has been a member of the Spanish Club, General Spanish Club, and the Spanish Club, 40 Bond Street, New York.

WILLIAM MOLL
 Commercial Spanish Prospector, New York City
 It is a pleasure to meet an old friend. He will be missed by the Spanish Club, General Spanish Club, and the Spanish Club, 40 Bond Street, New York.

WILHELM MOLL
 Commercial Spanish Prospector, New York City
 A pleasure to meet an old friend. He will be missed by the Spanish Club, General Spanish Club, and the Spanish Club, 40 Bond Street, New York.

SARAH MOLL
 Commercial Spanish Prospector, Buenos Aires
 A pleasure to meet an old friend. He will be missed by the Spanish Club, General Spanish Club, and the Spanish Club, 40 Bond Street, New York.



*Wishing you
the success in the world.
Helen Bending.*

THE PIVOT



Ben Yarrow
YARROW, BEN

760 South Sixteenth Street

College Prep. Prospects: Syracuse University.

"Ability wins the respect of true men."

Class Relay; Varsity Track; One-mile interscholastic State Champion, 1922; Championship Junior Soccer Team; Armory Exhibition; Central Service Club; Sport Editor, PIVOT; Associate Editor; Journalist Club.

Ben is a fast young lad, both in studies and in athletics. We wish you success, Ben.

Best wishes for your future success

*Wishing the best that there is for you.
Rebecca Shipowicz*

GREENBERG, AARON

110 Belmont Avenue

General. Prospects: Law

"Give thy thoughts more tongue."

Chess and Checkers Club; Tennis Club; Stamp Club; Class Relay; Gym Drill; Dante Literary Society; History Club.

"Red" is a good fellow but he does not believe in working very hard.

ORTMANN, BLAIR

14 Marshall Street

Course: General. Prospects: Business.

"A bit young to leave his mother."

Secretary Central Service Club; Vice-President of Service Club; Treasurer of Central Service Club; Central Forum; Journalist Club; Gym Exhibition; Stamp Club; History Club; Glee Club.

Blair is one of the good scholars of our class. His friends all wish him prosperity.

PAPIER, MARTHA

Bedford Street

Commercial French. Prospects: Business.

Her talents are of a more silent class.

4A Typewriting Medal.

RUBENSTEIN, KATE

359 Madison Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"On with the dance."

Girls' Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Literary Club; Dancing Club.

Kate believes in making the best of life and is liked by all who know her.

*Wishing you the best
Hermine Hemmendinger*

*Love
Samuel Rand
C. C. Simulations
Anna Miller
Best wishes*

*Happiness from a³² schoolmate
Etta June Friedman
"Remember the Lunch Room Society"*

remember the nephew and the "Newark".
Susan B. gyg Martinka.
Peter G. Radula

THE PIVOT

SCHARF, MORRIS 95 Columbia Avenue
 College Prep. Prospects: New York Dental School
 "Living a life of eager industry."

Morris, although not participating in many school activities is a good scholar. Too bad we did not hear more of you, Morris.

WEISBROD, LILLIAN 139 Livingston Street
 Commercial Spanish, German. Prospects: Business.
 "Work brings glory and success."

Literary Club; History Club; Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Lillian is a good and cheerful student. Besides this, she is always ready to extend a helping hand.

*friend, first
 and always
 at your friend
 Lillian*

I BELIEVE IN ROUGE—MY WAY!

By SOPHIE WIENER

Girls! Girls! Girls! They complain of us. They think we laugh too much—as if our tinkling, melodious voices do not inspire them. As if our pearly teeth do not fascinate them. As if our lively chatter does not make them envy our wit! As if our dancing eyes do not enchant them! As if our blooming cheeks do not entice them!

Aye, there's the rub. But there should not be! Rouge is very good if you follow my directions.

If you want red cheeks—not the expensive kind, buy a small compact of rouge, any make. Walk out into the country, or the suburbs about three miles and dig a little hole in the ground. Lay the rouge gently in it, and cover it with the soil and stones. Then place a stick over it so that you may not have to search for it. After that solemn ceremony slowly repeat "Day by day in every way, my cheeks are redder and redder." Next morning rise with the sun, and walk to the same spot. Loosen the dirt and gaze on the compact repeating, "Day by day, in every way, my cheeks are redder and redder." Walk home, and have a light breakfast—you'll probably need it.

Continue this for three months faithfully adhering to directions and note results. If you cannot locate the spot, buy another cake of rouge and proceed in the same way. I followed directions and my teacher raised my mark from 7 to 8 because he liked my natural red cheeks and somehow I was brighter and more lively in class. Perhaps your teacher will also do this little thing for you if you will follow my advice.

TO CUT, OR NOT TO CUT

(With apologies to William Shakespeare)

By ROSE DAVIS

To cut, or not to cut—that is the question;; Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer Those threats and zeros in outrageous portions, Or to submit us to our evil genius, And by AVOIDING, oppose them? To cut; to flee; No more; and by a "cut" say we prevent The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks We "studes" are heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To cut; to flee; To flee; perchance get caught, ay, there's the rub; For in that sweet, delicious truancy, What captors dread may come When we have shuffled off this daily toil, Must give us pause. There's the respect That makes all truancy of so short life; For who would bear the agonies of unpreparedness, The teacher's disdain, the dates set for detention, The pangs of classmates' laughter (worst of all!), The stubborn clocks that crawl like heavy nails, While in the seat one tries to shrink from view, When he himself might his quietus make By simply staying out? Who would this face When the homework has not been completed, But that the dread of something after that! The send at once call, from which in happy state No visitor returns, puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; And thus the lure of Proctors' or of Loew's Is weakened by uncertainty of "to-morrow," And great plans for "hookey" and the like, With this regard their currents turn away, And lose the name of action.

*Don't cut, be late on the job
 Love, Maggie*

*With love,
 Anella*



SPORT NEWS

Ben Yarrow although not representing Central for the last season, was one of the mainstays on the Track in 1922. He was considered one of the best milers in the state. It was an unfortunate break for the Central Track team when Ben was declared ineligible. Yarrow is still representing local clubs in A. A. U. meets. He expects to enter college and

there he will be allowed to show his grit and make good.

Belle Heller, the only girl athlete in the graduation class, distinguished herself by playing center on the "Skyrockets," one of the best girl basketball teams that ever represented Central. Miss Heller played on the various class teams, and represented the Seniors in the last school tournament.

BASEBALL

The broad smile that Doc. Sargent wears these days is a harbinger of a bright and balmy baseball season. The enviable record compiled by the basketball team, a squad of green men with one exception, has brought our coach much well-deserved praise. A similar situation exists in the case of baseball. All candidates, some fifty in number, but two, are newcomers. But the manner in which these lads are handling themselves is the cause of the joyous expression.

Rasnack and Ilvento, the "vets," will be seen once more catching flies in the "garden." Little "Irish" Burnett, Martoccio, and Susserman, are vying with one another for the pitching berth, with Cohen, Treacy and Cather at the receiving end. The other likely candidates are Marquard, first base; Manning, second; Pertzherits, third, and Nattras, short. Hidhton is showing up well as the third fielder. A glance at the schedule arranged by Manager Ray Cassidy is convincing enough to impress that the team will have to be a good one to come out on top. The foremost opponents are Dickinson, State champ., St. Benedicts, Prep., champions and Barringer. A repetition

of last year's baseball squabble in the city league, due to intelligibilities, will be carefully avoided. Although Central won all its games in the league, no trophy was awarded, despite the fact that all the schools used unqualified players.

The schedule of games is as follows:

April 14—Mt. Vernon at Mt. Vernon.
 April 18.—Open.
 April 24—Barringer at City Field.
 April 26—Bloomfield—pending.
 May 1—North Plainfield at North Plainfield.
 May 4—East Side at City Field.
 May 8—South Side at City Field.
 May 10—Dickinson at Jersey City.
 May 15—North Plainfield at City Field.
 May 18—South Side at City Field.
 May 21—Barringer at City Field.
 May 24—Caldwell at City Field.
 May 29—Open.
 June 1—St. Benedicts at Asylum Oval.
 June 5—East Side at City Field.



SPORT NEWS

They will be allowed to show the greatest make-
 make holes, the only rule in the game-
 the class, designated by the playing cards on
 the "Spartan" one of the best and greatest means
 the was mentioned "Caval" this 15th day
 in the school team, and mentioned the team
 in the school tournament.

Ben Yarnow, although not representing Central for
 the last season, was one of the contestants in the
 track in 1911. He was considered one of the best
 sailors in the city. It was an unfortunate event for
 the Central track team when Ben was declared in-
 eligible. Yarnow is still representing local clubs in
 A. A. U. events. He expects to enter college and

BASKETBALL

at last year's basketball season in the city league.
 due to indifference, will be carefully avoided. At
 though Central was all in games in the league, no
 victory was awarded, despite the fact that all the
 schools used unopposed players.

The schedule of games is as follows:

- April 14—St. Vernon at Mt. Vernon
- April 18—Open
- April 24—Bainbridge at City Field
- April 26—Bainbridge—opening
- May 1—North Plumbfield at North Plumbfield
- May 4—East Side at City Field
- May 6—South Side at City Field
- May 10—Bainbridge at Jersey City
- May 12—North Plumbfield at City Field
- May 18—South Side at City Field
- May 21—Bainbridge at City Field
- May 24—Central at City Field
- May 26—Open
- June 1—St. Bernard at Ashton Oval
- June 5—East Side at City Field

The board made that the "Spartan" team 1911-12
 days is a masterpiece of a design and layout, provided
 reason. The available record compiled for the board
 ball team, a record of great size and scope, was
 has brought out much more well than before. A
 further revision made in the case of football. All
 candidates were left in number, but two are now
 content. But the season in which these have not
 handling themselves in the case of the board ex-
 perience.

Ransom and Henry, the "Spartan" will be seen every
 more catching fire in the "Spartan" "Little" "Spartan"
 through. Blandford and Blandford are going with
 one another in the football field, with Central. Henry
 and Collier in the swimming pool. The other likely
 candidates are Blandford, but that Blandford was
 good; Blandford, Bland and Blandford. A chance at
 is showing as well as the kind of game. A chance at
 the schedule arranged by Blandford. Blandford is
 considering enough to insure that the team will have
 to be a good one to come out on top. The Blandford
 opponents are Blandford, Blandford, Blandford, Blandford
 the Blandford and Blandford. A Blandford

THE PRIVATE

TRACK

The budding plant life once more finds our cinder-paths hard at work in preparation for the strenuous outdoor season. Central has always had a good track team, and if that fact may be used as an axiom, this year one will also be good. However, a much more practical reason presents itself for optimistic prediction. Such sterling performers as Bill Mulligan, Clarkson Holmes, Dick Wyckoff, Micky Harris and Abe Cohen, around whom the team will be built, are sufficient warrant of rosy results. Barney Koplin will be missed in the sprints, but two newcomers of prom-

ise are Petrin and Kantor in the latter department.

The engagements, chiefly of championship calibre, will be preceded by several dual meets. The schedule is as follows:

East Orange—Pending.
N. Y. U. Meet—April 21.
Penn. Relays—April 28.
Columbia Meet—May 19.
City Meet—May 22.
State meet—June 2.

CENTRAL TO LOSE STAR

The graduation of May, 1923, will mark the passing of another athlete who has helped to make the name of Central immortal for some time. Nathan Rasnick has been a member of the Varsity baseball and basketball teams for three years. In 1922 "Nuddy" had the distinction being selected as a

guard on the mythical All-State basketball team. Beside this, Rasnick has the honor of playing with teams that suffered not a single defeat on the Central court. "Nuddy" has a very brilliant future in store for him in collegiate athletics and we extend our heartiest wishes to him for a successful future.

4A's PRESENT "STEP-INN"

One of the most successful undertakings ever attempted by high school pupils took place in the school Auditorium, on March 14th. The place was filled to overflowing with expectant spectators. Aces on the program included interpretive dancing by Valerie Lewkowicz, a chalk talk by Ed. O'Desky, vocal selections by Herman Shapiro and Louis Chivian, a chorus of talented girls including Blanche Tropp, Sylvia Sabel, Ruth H. Krueger and Elsie Stupelman. Other musical selections on the program were William and Anita Span, and dancing by the three Lippel students, Betty Eisner, Lillian Kay and Helen Eisner.

Other numbers included Oscar M. Lasser and Sol

Goldfarb in "The Enchanted Vase" scene. Helen Dunworth, Meyer Lefkowitz, Betty O'Rourke and Saul Schutzman in the Cabaret scene and Anna Starkman, Ruth M. Krueger, Eddie Gunn and Ray Grou in the Flapper scene.

Oscar M. Lasser, author of the play and Herman Shapiro directed and staged the affair.

One of the stars of the affair was Milton Halpern who brought down the house by a very finely executed specialty dance.

Joseph Medresch was publicity manager and Abraham Halperin, David Boxer, Milton Weinick, Abe Halperin and George Horwin were stage hands. Proceeds are to go to the class fund.

THE RIVINGTONS

TRACK

in the Spring and Summer in the latter hemisphere. The suggestion, study of characteristics, and will be presented by several local means. The schedule is as follows:

- East Orange—Friday
- N. Y. U. Hotel—April 21
- Pratt Hotel—April 22
- Columbia Hotel—May 19
- City Hotel—May 22
- State Hotel—June 2

The teachers plan the next year and are under no particular bond as regards the program. The program is planned for the summer and it is not too late to plan for the next year. The program will be presented by several local means. The schedule is as follows:

CENTRAL TO LOSE STAR

and on the national All-State basketball team. He and his friends have the honor of playing with them. The Central team is a very talented team in that for him "Robby" has a very talented team in that for him in college athletes and we intend our best team to be for a successful future.

The graduation of May, 1922, will mark the passing of a generation who has helped to make the name of Central famous for some time. Robby, a member of the Varsity basketball team, in 1922 and basketball team for three years. "Robby" had the distinction being selected as a

LA PRESENT "STEPHAN"

Golden is "The Enchanted Vale" scene. Helen Dunwoody, Meyer Lefkowitz, Betty O'Rourke and Sam Scherman in the Central scene and Anna Stark, Ruth M. Knicker, Eddie Cane and Ray Cane in the Play scene. Over M. Lane, author of the play and Helen Shapiro directed and staged the affair. One of the stars of the affair was William Shapiro who brought down the house by a very lively comical specialty dance. Joseph Shapiro was publicity manager and Anna Stark, Helen Dunwoody, David Barker, Milton Winkler, Abe Shapiro and George Harris were stage hands. The words are to go to the class fund.

One of the most successful undertakings ever attempted by high school people took place in the school Auditorium on March 1-4th. The place was filled to overflowing with expectant spectators. As the program included interesting dancing by Valses, Lefkowitz, a choir led by Ed O'Day, vocal solos by Helen Shapiro and Louis Cane, a chorus of talented girls including Blanche Trapp, Helen Stark, Ruth M. Knicker and Edna Shapiro. Other musical selections on the program were William and Anna Stark, and dancing by the three Lipson students, Betty Cane, Lillian Kay and Helen Cane. Other numbers included Over M. Lane and Sol

THE BALLOT OF THE 4A'S

Best-looking Girl

Eva Rosenfield
A. Heidecorn

Best-looking Boy

J. Cohen
Nat Rasnick

Most Popular Girl

Blanche Tropp
Georgiana Gavalas

Most Popular Boy

Oscar Lasser
Nat Rasnick

Class Pest

Meyer Lefkowitz
Ruth Krueger

Best Boy Dresser

Sol Schary
Sol Shutzman

Best Girl Dresser

Eva Rosenfield
A. Heidecorn

Best Boy Athlete

Nat Rasnick
Ben Yarrow

Best Girl Athlete

Bella Heller
Calamity Jane

Calamity Jane

Sara Chick
Eisenstein

Calamity John

Oscar Lasser
Lionel Berman

Most Studious Boy

Carter
Yarrow

Most Studious Girl

Georgiana Gavalas
Adelaide Merrit

Class Baby

Betty Malamuth
Meyer Lefkowitz

Best Boy Dancer

Oscar Lasser
Sol Schutzman

Best Girl Dancer

Ida Meisel
Mollie Grabenchik

Class Politician Girl

Adelaide Merrit

Best Girl Speaker

Sophie Wiener
Georgiana Gavalas

Biggest Boy Bluffer

Meyer Lefkowitz
Biggest Girl Bluffer

Frances Rosen
Noisiest Girl

Noisiest Girl

Rose Markowitz
Noisiest Boy

Noisiest Boy

Meyer Lefkowitz
Best Boy Mixer

Best Boy Mixer

Oscar Lasser
Best Girl Mixer

Best Girl Mixer

Sophie Wiener
Jolliest Boy

Jolliest Boy

Ben Yarrow
Jolliest Girl

Jolliest Girl

Laura Osborne
Teachers' Pet

Teachers' Pet

Adelaide Merrit

Class Politician, Boy

Oscar Lasser

Most Boyish Girl

Sophie Wiener

Most Girlish Boy

Oscar Lasser

Most Obliging Boy

Simon

Most Obliging Girl

Georgiana Gavalas

Class Vamp—

Ruth Krueger

Shick

Blair Ortman

Quietest Boy

O'Leary
Weineck

Quietest Girl

Nanette Lurie
Hazel Clark

Laziest Boy

Nat Rasnick

Laziest Girl

Eisenstein

Wittiest Boy

Oscar Lasser

Wittiest Girl

Laura Osborne

Hardest Worker for

Class—Boy

Oscar Lasser
Meyer Lefkowitz

Hardest Worker for

Class—Girl

Georgiana Gavalas
Sylvia Sabel

Most Conceited Boy

Sol Schary

Most Conceited Girl

Ruth Krueger

Best All-around Girl

Lionel Berman

Best Aall-around Girl

Sophie Wiener

Best Boy Speaker

Oscar Lasser
Lionel Berman

THE PIVOT

CLASS WILL

We the industrious Class of May, 1923, soon to depart from this noble institution, hereby instigate and sign this last will and testament to go into effect immediately upon our departure. We bequeath with full knowledge thereof, the following items:

ARTICLE I.—We leave with best wishes to our former Alma Mater, our dear Principal Mr. William Wiener.

ARTICLE II.—To the victims still remaining in Central High School, we leave our industrious faculty for further seasoning.

ARTICLE III.—To our beloved faculty advisor, Mr. Schleicher, we leave the remains of the institution.

ARTICLE IV.—Having treated our PIVOT as atrociously as possible, its battle-scarred skeleton is left for interment.

ARTICLE V.—We bequeath with sorrow, the lunch line in Joe Posner's, to the hungry hoard that still clamors for sustenance.

ARTICLE VI.—Our most hopeful "excuses" are for those unlucky ones who still persist in cutting lunch period.

ARTICLE VII.—To the inmates of the 4th floor, we leave the beautiful odors that waft from the lunch room.

ARTICLE VIII.—To the sufferers of the 3rd floor, we leave the joyous noises that resound from the PIVOT office.

ARTICLE IX.—We leave the beauties of 208 to those fortunate pupils of that tier.

ARTICLE X.—We bequeath the mysteries, the horrors and the benefits of the Office to the occupants of the first floor.

ARTICLE XI.—To the ambitious freshmen, we leave the glorious events that are in store for them.

ARTICLE XII.—We leave the sophistication of the Seniors to the Sophomores.

ARTICLE XIII.—Our budding Juniors are bequeathed the prospects of graduation examinations.

ARTICLE XIV.—Our dignified Seniors are bequeathed the exercises that mark their sorrowful departure.

ARTICLE XV.—To our Alma Mater, we leave our pictures, our records, and our wishes.

And this concludes our bequests, we ap-
as our executor, Mr. William Wiener, whose
executive ability we are well aware of.

In Witness Whereof, we hereunto set our hand and
seal, this 30th day of April, in the year of our
Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-
three.

(Signed) SYLVIA SABEL,

Attorney.

BLANCHE TROPP,

RUTH KRUEGER,

Witnesses.

COMPLIMENTS FROM

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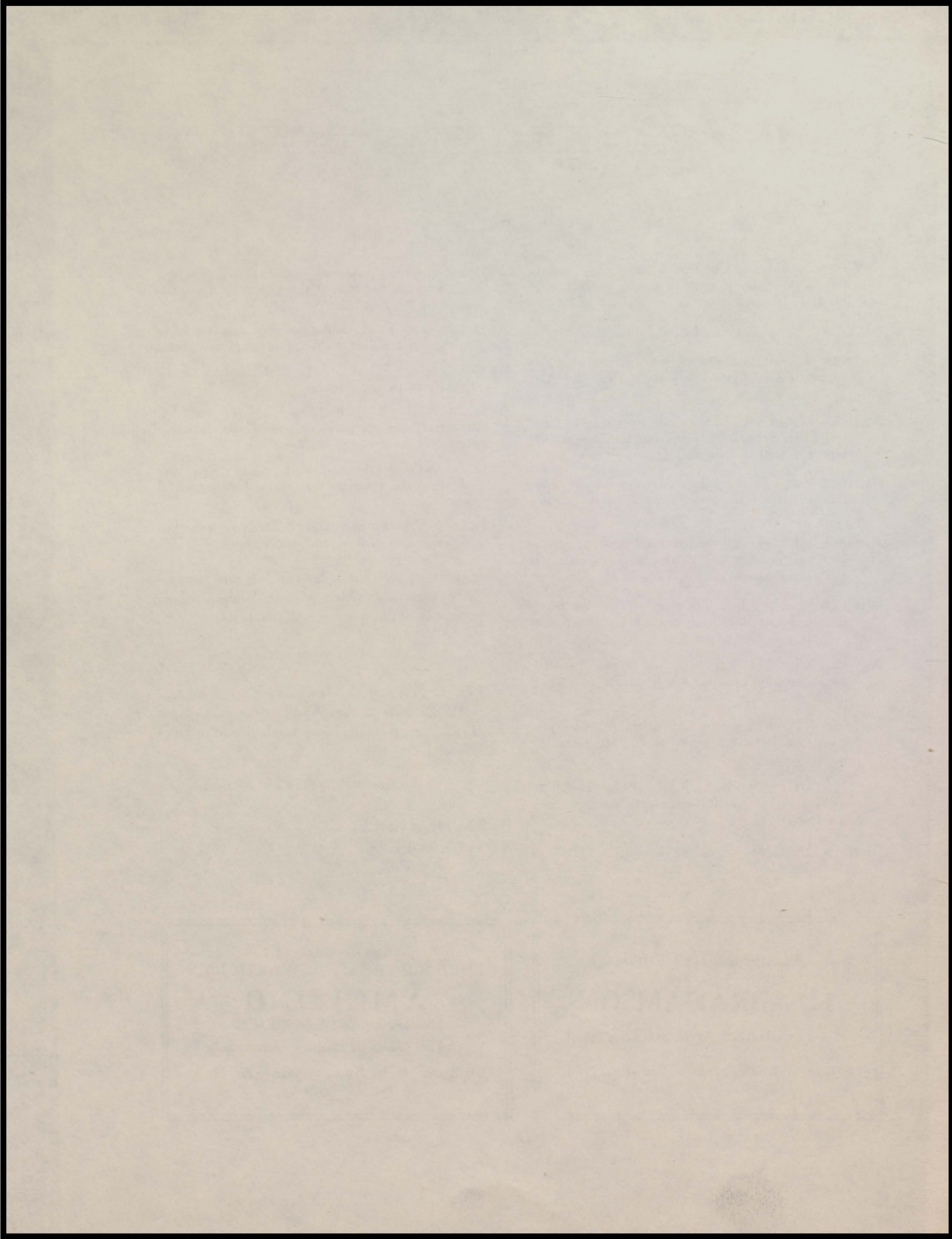
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SENIOR PROPHECY

By NANNETTE LURIE

It was a beautiful morning, and as I walked I breathed deeply of the fresh spring air. The two little urchins trudged along beside me, their tiny little fists knotted securely in mine. I was musing on days gone by and wondering what had become of the graduates since I had left the city. While I was thus dwelling on half forgotten incidents, I became aware of a figure approaching me in the distance. It seemed somewhat familiar, and I watched it curiously as it neared me. All at once I remembered. "Why Richard Abeles!" I shouted as I nearly pounced upon him, and immediately there was a rapid fire of questions from both sides.

"Are these your children?" he asked.

"No," I answered ruefully. "They're not. I adopted them when their mothers died, several years ago."

"And what are you doing at present?"

"Teaching. Why I was out of the city until recently, and you know, I would just love to see some of the graduates. Have you any idea what they are doing and where they are?"

It seemed he had seen most of them from the way he rattled on. It occurred to me that I had not asked him how he was getting on, and I proceeded to do so.

"Well," he replied, in answer to my inquiry, "I'm married."

"Really! To whom?"

He mentioned an unfamiliar name. There was a moment's pause in the conversation and he appeared to be thinking hard. Then he suddenly brightened up and cried: "Say, let's have a Reunion Party?"

"A Reunion Party!" I echoed, "Yes, of course. Why that's the best thing possible. But we don't know all of their addresses. How can we find them out?"

"I'll tell you. Let's go to Rosenbaum. He knows where practically all of them are."

We started off briskly. "And what is Rosenbaum doing now?" I asked.

"Didn't you hear of him? Why he's a well-known lawyer."

"Is that—plugh!" I sputtered, as a shower of paint drowned me and the end of my sentence. "What the de—" I cried, and glared angrily into the face of Sol Schary. "Why look who it is, Richard. It's Schary! What are you doing here?" I questioned.

"Do you remember Roth?" he asked.

"Of course, I do!"

"Well, he's invented some new kind of confection and it's the most delicious, luscious——."

"What is it?" I interrupted him.

"It's dates stuffed with ice cream."

"Ummm, be sure to bring some to-night. We're having a reunion party tonight at 7:30." We gave him the address and asked him to bring Roth also, and hurried along.

Arriving at the corner we were in doubt as to which way to turn.

"Come, it's this way—I know better," he directed.

"Probably you do, but if it's the street you named, I know it's up the other way. For mercy's sake, what's that?" I cried as I noticed a man wildly gesticulating to the crowd about him. "His voice sounds familiar. I'm going over."

Abeles wouldn't budge, so I left the children with him and went over alone, to satisfy my feminine curiosity. I soon came back triumphantly.

"Guess who it is?" And not allowing him time to answer I went on: "It's Benjamin Kaufman. He's urging the relief of the starvation of Chinese orphans. And Harold Schultz, Helen Mangini, Max Lesnik, Stephen Hoffman, Aaron Greenberg and Beatrice Galinkin, are distributing pamphlets through the crowd. They're all coming up," I paused to take a deep breath.

Richard pulled me on. We passed a crockery store. "Do you think you have enough glasses at home for every lady?" I shook my head and disappeared into the store.

"I wonder how many I should get?" I heard a feminine voice enquire.

"I'll get just how many you'll get," another feminine voice, and then I heard the rumble of male voices. I walked over to the other of the store. We caught a glimpse of each other, the rest was lost in the confusion of embraces and broken sentences. I ran out to the curb and pulled Richard in to where stood Ruth Krueger and Oscar Lasser, Blanche Tropp and Nuddy Rasnick. The two couples explained how they had just returned from a honeymoon trip to Lemon Islands, and were now buying household things. We gave them the directions and hurried out of the store.

It was nearing noon. "I guess we'd better call Rosenbaum, and tell him to wait," said Abeles. I consented and presently saw him come out arm in arm with Maybelle Goldman. Instantly we were in an embrace. When we finally released each other,

THE PIVOT

Maybelle left long enough to roll out a carriage and show us her adorable twin boys. When we told her about our plans she laughed. "That's funny I was just giving a little party to-night. They twins are a year old. Why quite a few of the graduates are going to be there. Theres Frances Rosen, Lincoln Peyser, Sylvia Sabel, John O'Leary, Adelaide Merritt and I forget who else."

"Are any of them married?"

"Oh, yes. Sylvia Sabel is married to Morris Scharf and you should see her little girl, just as sweet as Sylvia herself. Then, Lincoln Peyser is married to another graduate, Marion Perin. I haven't heard from them for a long time."

"Bring them all up to our party instead."

"I will, they'll be overjoyed."

"And bring your husband along."

"Surely, Lionel will be glad to come."

"Lionel who?"

"Berman, of course. We'll all be there."

"Don't forget," we called back as we walked on.

"I couldn't get Rosenbaum on the phone, but will go anyway," Richard told me. By this time we were both getting tired. "Are you sure we are going the right way?" I asked.

"Positive—though it's a few years since I've been there last."

"Well, here comes a man—ask him to be sure."

He went up to the man and I heard a loud greeting: "Hello, old Topper."

I looked blank for a minute then immediately I remembered. "It's Abe Barhash, I gasped. "My, but you've changed, Abe."

"Ever met his wife?" Richard questioned me.

"No, who is she?"

"Martha Papier."

"Martha Papier! How I'd love to see her. Bring her along tonight, Abe." He nodded.

"We're going up to see Rosenbaum now."

"Did you know he moved several months ago?" Abe remarked.

"No, we did not. Maybe that's the reason we couldn't get him on the phone. What's his new address?" He told us and we set off again.

Since it was too far to walk, we boarded a street car.

Dong! Dong! Dong! I looked quickly up at the conductor as I noticed he wanted to ring again. "Why those children don't have to pay full—Why, hello Harry!" I cried. "Look Richard, it's Harry Friedlander." For a few minutes we spoke and he gave us his promise to be up at the Party, and we passed into the car. I dropped wearily into a seat and took one of the kiddies on my lap. A dog came sniffing up.

"Ooh, look what a nice doggie," baby cried, trying to stroke it.

As it walked back to its owner, I watched it carelessly. Then I looked at the owner.

"Georgiana!" I screamed, and unheeding of lifted eyebrows and scornful glances, we flew into each other's arms.

We spoke excitedly until it was time for us to get off. Georgiana gave us her word that she'd come with her husband, Blair Ortman.

We arrived at the office building and climbed the stairs to the first landing. As I rested a moment I saw engraved on one of the doors "S. Schutzman—Real Estate." The name seemed very familiar so I slowly opened the door and there stood Saul Schutzman dangling a cigarette between his fingertips as he leisurely dictated to his stenographer. And his stenographer I looked at again. There could be no doubt, it was Rebecca Marantz! And as I listened eagerly, she poured into my ear a bookful of gossip.

"Mildred Harris? She's gone on the stage and she's a serious rival of Mary Pickford."

"Honestly?"

"Uh-huh, and you should see Milton Weinick. He just returned from the Fiji and he tried to encourage the wearing of straw skirts here! And oh! I nearly forgot; remember Manny Millman?"

I nodded. "What about him?"

"He's opened a cabaret and every night you can see his chorus girls, Mollie Grebenchick, Kate Rubenstein, Ida Meisel and Florence Grablowsky. Eva Rosenfeld and Bessie Malamuth do the toe dancing."

"And another thing, suppose you don't know that Sara Chick and Florence Grablowsky distribute flowers there."

"And you'll tell them all to come tonight?" I asked here before we left.

She consented and Saul told us he would also come.

We went up another story and entered Rosenbaum's office. I could hear two voices. There was Rosenbaum and Jack Cohen.

"Jack's a partner of mine now," Rosenbaum told us.

"Congratulations!"

Rosenbaum asked us how many we had invited, and I read the list of names to him.

Before we left, they also had given their word that they'd come.

We had asked him to give us the addresses of some of the graduates, but he only knew those whom we had already invited so we went out to try our luck. As we turned the corner I saw a little boy leaning against the wall. His head was hidden in the crook of his elbow; and he was sobbing violently. We rushed up to him and as I held him in my arms his sobbing gradually ceased. In vain, we asked him where he lived, but he only kept repeating, "Wanna do 'ome."

As we were looking anxiously around for someone to claim him, a middle-aged woman, dressed as a nurse ran up and tore the child from my arms. No sooner did he see her than he immediately stopped crying. We then knew that everything was all right.

"What is the child's name?" I asked.

"Robert Katz."

"Katz! Is his father Saul Katz?"

She nodded.

"Richard, guess on whom we've stumbled—Saul Katz!"

"And what is his mother's name?"

"Dora, don't know her full maiden name."

We started off toward the child's house, only a few blocks away, climbing several stories and were admitted into a room. There we saw Dora Meyers delivering a lecture on "Care of Children."

"Whose children?" Richard murmured. "Not her own!"

In the group before her I recognized a great many graduates. There was Florence McCormack, Laura Osborne, Aniella Paskiewicz, Kate Rubenstein and Pauline Rosenthal.

I caught my breath as I looked around and found more—Sophie Clawans and Edna Brunner who had brought their little girls with them, and I went into raptures over them.

Everyone of them agreed to come promptly.

As we walked downstairs we passed a door that was slightly ajar and heard a voice saying: "Now lie down and don't be naughty."

"Why, I know who that is," Richard exclaimed, and pushed the door open.

From the threshold I could see Gladys Bearder sitting in the center of her rather large family, knitting serenely. I gazed at each of the nine in turn until the youngest raised its paw gracefully, licked it and with a low "meow" proceeded to rub the back of its ear.

"What a family!" I cried.

Gladys looked up, she had not noticed us until then. We embraced warmly and she told us that there was a meeting in the next room of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, the members, she explained had decided to do away with the high price of dresses and consequently were making their own. The results were pitiful to behold. But we bravely entered the next room. We were barely through the door the scene before us was immediately turned into a chaos, and it seemed to me, I was a target for all. Never do I remember having received so many kisses and embraces during such a short period; and I completely outdid myself in the rapidity with which I returned them. As we settled, I saw Jeanette Baron, Hazel Clark, Pauline Friedman fingering and arranging a pattern. On the side of the table stood

Minnie Eisenstein, Rosalind Bauman, Elizabeth Hoffman all offering suggestions at the same time.

As we made our way to the door, Helen Form, Rose Markowitz, and Sara Yampolsky followed us. Sophie Wiener, too kept assuring us that she and her husband would be there.

As we were walking outside, I looked back and there in the window I could see Ida Ostrowsky, and Olga Sochar were waving handkerchiefs from one window. While Margaret Smith, Mollie Veronick and Lillian Zuckerman were doing the same at the other. I looked back again some of the heads had disappeared but Lillian Weisbrod and Beatrice Lipkin faithful to the last, were energetically waving a bit of white lace. I kept looking back until they seemed like specks. When suddenly something whizzed by my head and fell with a crash to the ground. It was a dumbbell. I looked up fearfully, and in a window I saw the grinning countenance of Belle Heller and Marie Potter. They told me they were conducting a gymnasium up there. We declined their invitation to enter but went on after we had wrung a promise from them that they would come to the Party.

An automobile slowly purred by and I caught a glimpse of a female that looked strangely familiar.

"Oh Boy!" Richard yelled. "There goes Anna Heidekorn. See that little chow in her arms? That was a present from her last husband."

"What do you mean—last husband?"

"Why, she's had four of them."

"Oh!"

Anna had seen us and when the auto stopped at the curb she beckoned to us. Another embrace. She had just come back from a concert.

"Who was playing?" he asked.

"Bessie Etkin!"

I decided I must go in and see her soon. She left us telling us she would come.

Richard disappeared into the house and soon emerged with a grin on his face.

"Lefkowitz just came back from Europe and the boys are celebrating. During the brief period of six months, he had succeeded in breaking four girls' hearts. He returned to see what he could accomplish. He just published a book entitled, "Women's Hearts—How to Break Them."

"Who else is there?"

"Seymour Simon, Leon Shaffer, Milton Ordower, and Abe Lapow, also Leon Gorka, Henry Belbond, and Galansky."

"That enough! Did you ask them all over?"

"Of course!"

"Well," I sighed, "I guess we've invited everybody."

THE PIVOT

"Yes. Oh, wait a second, I just thought of somebody!" and he rushed into the next room, and we could hear the click as he took up the receiver. Though I caught snatches of the conversation I could make nothing out, and waited impatiently for him to return.

"I've got a surprise for you," he declared as he entered the room. This morning Hope Drake and George Wesley phoned me they were going to be married to-night. Wilfred Carter is the parson. So I just called them up and it's decided that they'll be married at the Party instead."

"Hurrah!" I cried and threw my hat into the air. We were all overjoyed.

* * * *

CONCLUSION.

The party was a tremendous success. I was gazing wistfully at the last departing guest. A tear trickled down my cheek and across my lips, still moist from the warm kiss which Dora Meyer's little lad had imprinted on my lips. Another tear coursed its way down my cheek as I realized that soon I was to leave, and when would we see each other again. I turned back to the warmth of my room, trying to dispel the gloomy thoughts from my mind, and saw that the kiddies had fallen asleep.

CIRCULATION NOTES

Manager RUTH R. S. LEWIS

WHY CAN'T MORE STUDENTS FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF MEYER LEFKOWITZ

Over a hundred copies of the last issue of the PIVOT were sold by a single boy. Why can't more students do this?

Meyer Lefkowitz has not only done this, but he also has the record of selling the most tickets for the benefit of Central High School for different causes, such as the Organ Fund. What an enviable record! What a great service!

In doing this he is getting a great amount of experience, which is paving the way to success in the future. We need co-operation and co-operation is also a world need. The world needs experienced boys and girls. Can you not see what a great help it will be to you in the future? This is a great world with great chances.

The PIVOT is not strongly enough backed. Why not start young, and strive for advancement? Do not be a slacker! Be a plugger. When there are speakers for the PIVOT addressing you, do not pucker up your faces and make nasty comments.

Let's get together! Let's see how many more of us can sell 100 copies in a day. Co-operation with the board in trying to make this project of Central's a great success. Co-operation is necessary. Try to be a Meyer Lefkowitz in selling PIVOTS.

The Circulation Department extends to Meyer Lefkowitz its heartiest congratulations and we hope he may continue his good work in the future.

With the PIVOT, circulation is life. How is your home room pulse?

Our graduating Class is following the excellent precedent set by the February Class of marketing the Senior PIVOT. This is an excellent arrangement.

The regular circulation department wishes them the best of success. With Oscar Lasser as president and Meyer Lefkowitz manager, we believe there will be a record sale.

REPORTS

The party was a tremendous success. I was very
wise in the last departing hour. A man
handed down my check and asked my life will join
from the woman like your sister's look but
had happened on my life. A woman then covered
my shoes my check as I realized that soon I was
to leave and when would we see each other again.
I turned back to the woman of my team trying to
keep the young daughter from my hand and saw
that the hidden had taken away.

I was with a friend I had thought of some-
thing. I was with the man and we
went down the street as he took up the money.
I could not remember of the conversation I could
only remember one and a great momentary for him to
be. I got a surprise in your, he declared as he
entered the room. The morning (like) (like) and
George Wright passed me they were going to be
married tonight. William Carter is the partner. So
I just called them up and it's decided that they
be married at the party instead.
"Thank!" I said and then my hat was the air.
We were all overjoyed.

CIRCULATION NOTES

Manager: John R. & Lewis

WHY CAN'T MORE STUDENTS FOLLOW
THE EXAMPLE OF MEYER
LEFKOWITZ

Let's get together. Let's see how many more of
us can tell 100 copies in a day. Co-operation with
the board is trying to make this project of Cornell's a
great success. Co-operation is necessary. Try to be
a Meyer Lefkowitz in selling PIVOT.
The Circulation Department extends to Meyer Lef-
kowitz its hearty congratulations and we hope he
may continue his good work in the future.

Over a hundred copies of the last issue of the
PIVOT were sold by a single day. Why can't more
students do this?
Meyer Lefkowitz has not only done this, but he
also has the record of selling the most copies for the
month of Cornell High School for fifteen years.
Such as the Organ Book. What an amazing record!
What a great success!

With the PIVOT, circulation is life. How is your
home your policy?
Our Circulation Class is following the excellent
precedent set by the February Class of marketing
the Senior PIVOT. This is an excellent arrangement.
The regular circulation department wishes them
the best of success. With Great Luck as president
and Meyer Lefkowitz manager, we believe there will
be a record sale.

In doing this he is giving a great amount of in-
formation, which is giving the way to success in the
future. We need co-operation and co-operation is also
a world wide. The world needs experienced boys
and girls. Can you not see what a great help it will
be to you in the future? This is a great world with
great chances.
The PIVOT is not nearly enough backed. Why
not send young and new for advancement? Do
not be a student! Be a pioneer. When there are
questions for the PIVOT addressing you do not hesitate
of your feet and make every comment.



LASSER LEADS SENIOR CLASS

At a meeting of the 4A Class, Oscar M. Lasser was elected president; Georgiana Gavalas, vice-president; S. Schutzman, treasurer; and Sylvia Sabel, secretary.

The 4A Class, of course, thinks it is the best 4A Class Central ever had. Some feel so keenly for

their Alma Mater that they will stay another term to keep Central from lonesomeness.

The 4A venture, "Step Inn" was a great success. The members are now planning how to spend the money.

NAT LEWIS LEADS 4B CLASS

The 4B Class has chosen the following officers:

Nathan Lewis, President.
Gladys Levinson, Vice-President.
Esther Knoblock, Secretary.
Oscar Stempler, Treasurer.

Under their leadership and with the able guidance of Mr. Stolper, the faculty advisor, the class has given a dance and is planning another to be given late in April. If this undertaking is successful the class will present a minstrel show next term.

HERMAN SHAPIRO LEADS 4C CLASS

At a meeting of the 4C Class on March 31, 1923, the election of officers that was held resulted as follows: President, Herman Shapiro; Vice-President, Helen Dunworth; Secretary, Rose Kiel, and Treasurer, Herman Arlein.

The president appointed the following executive

committee: Chairman, Bernard Tropp; Joseph Medresch, Rose Davis, Aaron Yaffe, Angelina Juliano and Abe Halperin.

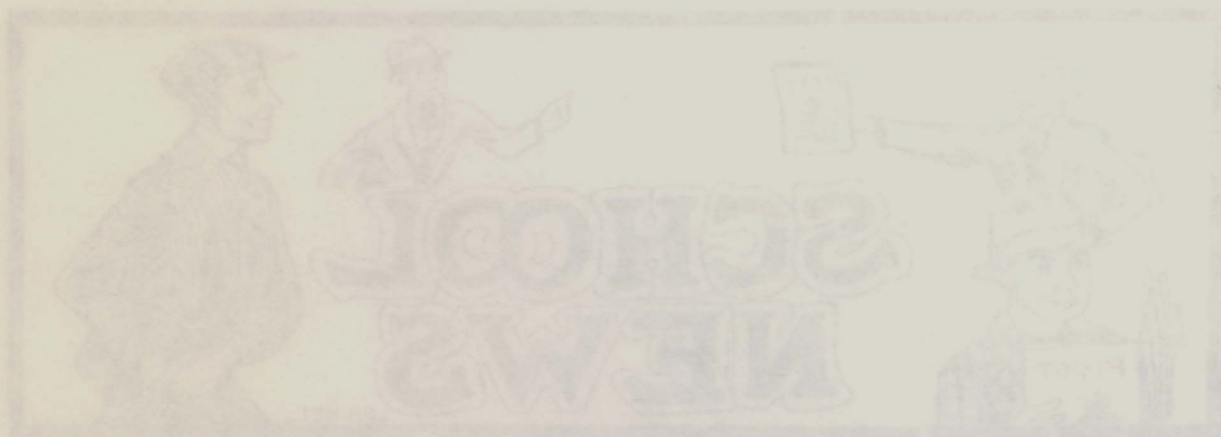
Although the class has had many suggestions it has not yet decided what sort of entertainment to present to enlarge its treasury.

BERMAN PLACES IN DEBATE

Daniel Webster would be green with jealousy if he could see the world's future orators making their debut in public speaking. One of Central High School's own, Hon. Lionel Berman, by name, showed his prowess as speaker by winning second place in

the Northern District Declamation Contest held at the Paterson Y. M. H. A. Berman's topic was: "The Existence of a God."

Lionel is a fair example of the debaters we have in our Debating Club, "The Forum."



LAVER LEADS SENIOR CLASS

At a meeting of the 4A Class, Glen M. Laver was elected president. George C. Laver, secretary, and John Laver, treasurer, and John Laver, secretary, were elected. The 4A Class, of course, thinks it is the best 4A Class Central ever had. Some feel as badly as you.

MATTHEW LEADS 4B CLASS

The 4B Class has chosen the following officers: Matthew Laver, President; John Laver, Vice-President; John Laver, Secretary; John Laver, Treasurer; John Laver, Treasurer.

HERMAN SHAFRO LEADS 4C CLASS

At a meeting of the 4C Class on March 27, 1933, the election of officers that was held resulted as follows: Herman Shafro, President; John Laver, Vice-President; John Laver, Secretary; John Laver, Treasurer; John Laver, Treasurer.

BERMAN PLACES IN DEBATE

Daniel Webster would be given with pleasure if he could see the world's future without making him the President of the United States. The President of the United States is a God. I need a fair example of the debate we have in our Debating Club. The Future.

THE PIVOT

MEDRESCH MANAGES CENTRAL HIGH PAGE

A full page containing school news was written and edited by Central High School pupils for the April 8 number of the Sunday Call. The page contained a picture of the editorial staff of the PIVOT; a picture of the Boys' Service Club; a special cartoon by Ed. O'Desky; a story by Sophie Wiener; a poem by Oscar Lasser and school news.

Joseph Medresch was managing editor of the page;

Elizabeth Jay, editor; Oscar Lasser, literary editor; Ben Yarrow, sporting editor; Ed. O'Desky, cartoonist and Ruth Krueger, Edith Starussberg, Ethel Grunt, Rebecca Marantz and Aaron Yaffe, reporters.

Mr. E. S. Hipp, the Sunday Call manager of the school pages said that Central High had the best page edited so far by any high school.

FORUM ELECTS LEADERS

At a recent meeting of the Forum, the new debating club, the following officers were elected: Herman Shapiro, President; Joseph Medresch, Vice-President; Rebecca Marantz, Secretary; Lionel Ber- man, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

The future holds many interesting events for those members who take an active interest in debating and

public speaking. Inter-class, inter-school, inter-city and inter-state contests will be held as soon as a team is selected. Much promising material has already been discovered and consequently those desirous of being given a position on the team should lose no time in becoming a member of the newly organized society. The club meets every Wednesday, the time and room being announced on the day of meeting.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES AND THE BUSINESS MAN

"What the Business Word Demands of High School Graduates," was the subject of an address delivered before the morning assembly on Tuesday, April 2nd by Mr. Latimer of Pace Institute.

Mr. Latimer outlined the general divisions of business, told the audience the necessity of higher training and stressed particularly the necessity of completing any undertaking that is begun.

The speaker impressed upon the students the necessity of at least a high school education. "Business executives in these days of keen competition have not time to waste on untrained men and women." Mr. Latimer said.

In closing, the speaker remarked that if one followed all his advice the future would undoubtedly care for itself.

SECOND THEATRE PARTY

On Monday evening, April 16th, the Girls' and Boys' Service Clubs presented the second Central High School Theatre Party at Proctor's Palace.

The great success that marked the two theatricals have greatly encouraged the twin societies and they

intend to make these affairs a permanent Central institution until our goal is reached. Supported by students and friends of the school the day is not far off when the organ's inspiring music will delight the morning assemblies.

LEDGER'S SUNDAY EDITOR ADDRESSES JOURNALIST CLUB

Mr. William Maxwell, Sunday magazine editor of the Newark Ledger, addressed an interested audience on "What It Means to be a Journalist," at a meeting of the Journalist Club held on March 21st.

"People must know what is going on everywhere in order to develop properly and the newspaper keeps them reliably informed," said Mr. Maxwell.

"A common mistake among those who elect to follow the profession of journalism is to confuse news and opinion." The editor continued: "He who would be a journalist must have a nose for news or grow one."

The meetings of the Journalist Club are attracting a great many and those fortunate and wise enough to attend derive decided benefits.

GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB GIVES 1C SOCIAL

The freshman once again were entertained by the Girls' Service Club at the 1C Social held on Friday, April 13, 1923. The committee appointed in charge of the social was: Chairman, Helen Furst; members, Blanche Tropp, Rebecca Zimmerman and Gladys Levinson.

Among the entertainers on the program were Fritzie Reich, Sylvia Cohen, Ruth Greenberg, Elizabeth Jay,

and others who showed good talent and gave enjoyment to all present.

The purposes of the Girls' Service Club in giving this social are to bring the freshmen in touch with the other Centralites, to make them a part of the general organization and to put the spirit of Central and the Centralites in them. From all appearances at the social it appears that they have succeeded.

CENTRAL LITERARY CLUB

This organization promises to be one of the most powerful clubs in the school. Headed by Augusta Rosenberg, its president, the club is on the way to fame.

The play, "The Love Doctor," promises to mark an epoch in scholastic acting. The play is in the making and is being coached by Freda Sternberg.

Every now and then a speaker from the outside world gives a talk to the literary debutantes. For instance, Mr. Maxwell, of the Newark Ledger, gave

a talk about literary work and its requirements on April 5.

This was well appreciated as related by the Critic who saw to her astonishment that even a certain Ben Braelow was as quiet as a kitten all through. The "Critic" idea is a very novel one invented by the Literary Club. It is worth a "Day's pay" to hear his critical criticisms.

The Literary Club meets in 316 on Thursdays at 3 p. m.

CHESS AND CHECKERS CLUB

The Central Chess Team has been gaining honors for the Chess and Checkers Club by their achievements in the Chess World.

In the recent tournament of the Interscholastic Chess League of New Jersey, Central captured second place, losing the state championship by the margin of one tiny point to South Side High School.

Central's score against the other high school teams is as follows:

Central 1½; Paterson 2½.

Central 4; Harrison 0.

Central 4; East Orange 0.

Central 4; Battin 0.

Central 1½; South Side 2½

The Chess Team composed of Jack Cohen, David Meisel, Alfred Holden and Joseph Prulitsky, being not at all satisfied with its showing in the "League"

tourney has invited South Side High School to a match which will decide the City Championship. They have also challenged the New York City High School Chess Champions to a match in which they will endeavor to prove Newark's superiority in the "game of games."

The Checkers Team has not been idle either. It was not an unusual sight to see some of the checkers playing faculty paired with members of the Checkers Team. It may be that their late absence from the club is due to the stinging defeats received over the sixty-four black and white squares.

At the elections of the Chess and Checkers Club, Jack Cohen was elected president; Joseph Medresch, vice-president; Max Heck, treasurer; Mary Kaplan, secretary; Benjamin Kaufman, manager and Freda Sternberg, publicity manager.

At the present time the club is looking for new material to fill the vacancies which will be left in the Chess and Checkers teams.

Prodigies are acceptable.

THE BOSTON GLOBE

CLUB SERVICE CLUB GIVES IC SOCIAL

and when the social hour came and went as usual in all parts of the city. The purpose of the Club Service Club is to give the social and to bring the members in touch with the other members in order to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service.

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CENTRAL LITERARY CLUB

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CHESS AND CHESS CLUB

which will be the first of the Chess and Chess Club. The purpose of the Chess and Chess Club is to give the social and to bring the members in touch with the other members in order to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service.

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At the bottom of the Chess and Chess Club, the members are to give the social and to bring the members in touch with the other members in order to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service.

At the present time the club is holding for the members to give the social and to bring the members in touch with the other members in order to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service.

The Chess and Chess Club is to give the social and to bring the members in touch with the other members in order to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service.

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Central 1st: Boston 2nd

Central 4th: Boston 5th

Central 4th: Boston 6th

Central 4th: Boston 7th

Central 1st: Boston 1st

The Chess and Chess Club is to give the social and to bring the members in touch with the other members in order to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service and to give them a part of the social service.



HONOR ROLL



102 A. M.
William Theis

102 P. M.
Daisy Wilson

106 A. M.
James Geug

108 A. M.
William Brown
Philip Tord

109 A. M.
Jane Orr

110 A. M.
Daisy Eskowitz
Leon Shaffer
Fred Sulton

202 P. M.
Leon Becker
Lillian Ostrander
Janet Subinsky

202 A. M.
Joseph Bocchini
Elmer Savage
Harry Ziverbel

203 A. M.
Evelyn Hyble
Sylvia Sacks

204 A. M.
Georgiana Gavalas

206 P. M.
Elizabeth Surles
Bertha Tokakjian
Mary Yourkoski

206 A. M.
Charles Dixon

207 A. M.
Regina Spielvogel

210 A. M.
Oscar Lasser

211 A. M.
Bernice Goldsticker
Beda Johnson
Ruth Krueger
Winifred Leonard

212 A. M.
Fannie Aronow
Leah Gross

213 A. M.
Gustave Schumacher

214 A. M.
Helen Bogatko,
Sarah Grabelsky
D. Stuhlzadi

215 A. M.
Estelle Levitt

216 A. M.
Lillian Marsa

216P. M.
Meyer Eisenstein
Jacob Grossman
Sam Leiberman

217 P. M.
Dol Krafte
Marie McLaughlin
Elizabeth Rosenthal

218 A. M.
Adelaide Merritt
Sylvia Sabel
Ed. Zybulewski

219 A. M.
Abe Finkelstein
Joseph Isaacson
Martin Rieger
Rebecca Marantz

301 A. M.
Elta Cohen

303 P. M.
Miriam Kosgland

303 P. M.
Mable Gordon
Emanuel Sosnow

304 A. M.
William Wagner

305 A. M.
Alice Freeman
Sidney Leon

304 P. M.
Laura Kaiser
Walter Winckler

309 A. M.
Alice Kreis
Charles Sheldon

209 P. M.
Frances Weinberger

310 P. M.
Sophie Gruber

313 A. M.
E. Hearn
F. Hearn

314 A. M.
Abbey Arnold
Walter Joskers
Leonard Nusbaum

316 P. M.
John Doyle
Clara Kanarik

316 A. M.
Mollie Klein

318 A. M.
Maurice Hewed

219 P. M.
Charles Bercoma
Edward Moskowitz

401 P. M.
Louis Bischoff

403 P. M.
Lemerman

404 P. M.
Julius Stark

408 P. M.
Estelle Cellart

409 P. M.
John Georgia
Sam Kurtz
Sam Lieberman

410 A. M.
Julia Bogner
Frances Lee
Alice Simms

410 P. M.
Isidore Agrin
Charles Di Come
Mary Fischman
Mary Gavalas

411 A. M.
Winifred Cross

411 P. M.
Ida Geller
Fannie Hirschel

412 A. M.
Angelo Hennesy
Marion Ciborn
Jack Leron

416 A. M.
Elizabeth Balint
Edgar Lacknish
Leon Tropp

416 P. M.
Florence Kinkly
Sophie Goodman



THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central, being not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators.



March 9, 1923—Angelina Salvato, "Opera In America." A good delivery of an interesting topic. You held the attention of the audience successfully.

March 9, 1923—Oscar Lasser, "A Few Secrets of History." You certainly came "shuffling in." Your humorous secrets were listened to by all with delight.

March 12, 1923—Mr. Milton Byron "Organ Fund Benefit." Central High School thanks Mr. Byron for his work in swelling the Organ Fund.

March 12, 1923.—Sadye Gorsch, "Why Boys and Girls Leave School." Although your nervousness detracted somewhat from your talk, you made a very good delivery.

March 14, 1923—Mildred Biedelman, "William Makepeace Thackeray." You delivered your speech very well.

March 14, 1923—Anna Bocchinni, "The Road to Success." Although your topic was an important one, you did not hold the interest of the audience successfully.

March 14, 1923—Henry Haug, "The Secret of the Old Italian Violins." Your subject was of interest to all.

March 14, 1923—Oscar Lasser, "Step Inn." You introduced Chivian and Shapiro in a novel way. The two made a hit with their singing.

March 15, 1923—Eileen O'Hara, "The Maude Fealy Show." Your talk certainly ought to inspire all Centralites to be at hand.

March 15, 1923—Benjamin Giln, "The Part Played by the United States in the Brazilian Exposition." Praise for your excellent talk and topic.

March 16, 1923—Ruth Krueger, "Miss Fealy's Production." The talk was delivered clearly and well.

March 16, 1923—Nathan Lewis, "Basket Ball." You delivered your talk briefly and to the point.

March 21, 1923—Henry Gelbond, "Latin As An Educational Factor." Your posture was commendable and you held the interest of the audience. You have a voice that carries distinctly.

March 21, 1923—Oscar Lasser, "The Pivot." You delivered your talk in your usual snappy style.

March 22, 1923—Morris Meimer, "Manufacture of Paper." We all appreciated the explanation you gave us on the making of paper. You ended your talk rather abruptly.

March 22, 1923—Bernard Tropp, "On Basket Ball." Your speech is sure of bringing success.

April 2, 1923—Lillian Solomon, "Smiling." Although your speech was carefully prepared you spoke too quickly.

April 3, 1923—Evelyn Reiff, "Is Greek Mythology Dead?" The talk was excellently delivered.

April 3, 1923—George Volow, "A Glimpse Into The Future." Delivered very well.

April 4, 1923—Wilma Block, "A New Day for the Schools." Your voice was clear and loud. The expressions you used was good.

April 4, 1923—Ruth Dvoves, "What Does Education Do?" A well prepared and good delivery marred by the low tone used.

April 5, 1923—Sidney Gross, "The Origin of Baseball." The topic held especially the attention of the boy fans.

April 5, 1923—Rose Keill, "Religion In Egypt." Your talk was educational as well as amusing.

April 6, 1923—Helen Ostrofsky, "Anniversary of the World War." Your voice was a good one and carried well.

April 6, 1923—Ettá Friedman, "Permanent Industrial Exposition." A timely topic marred by your hesitation. Your voice, however, was loud and clear.

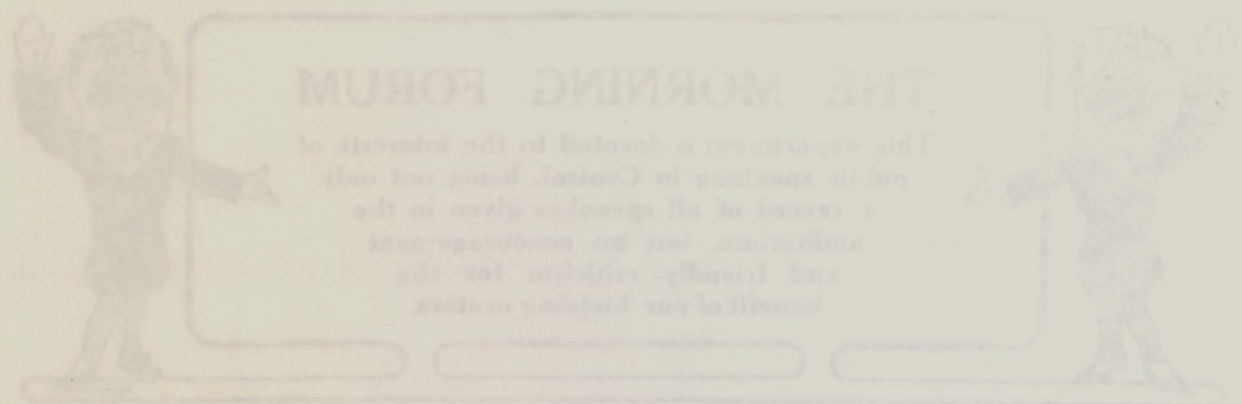
April 9, 1923—Marian Kass, "Dancing." You delivered your well prepared talk distinctly.

April 9, 1923—Anna Adler, "Woman's Place in Business." A distinct salutation. Your talk was one of the best this term.

April 9, 1923—Florence Hamburger, "The Theatre Party." You made your reminder understood by all. Your sweet voice is sure to draw success.

April 10, 1923—Oscar Lasser, "Theatre Party." From your almost weekly speeches you are becoming one of Central's best orators.

April 10, 1923—Mildred Ruhnke, "Truancy." Your topic was important, but you failed to hold the interest of the Assembly.



THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central States not only a record of all speakers given in the auditorium but an encouraging and friendly criticism for the benefit of our listening audience.

March 22, 1923—Alvin Brown, "Administration of Paper." We all appreciated the explanation you gave us of the making of paper. You ended your talk with a very timely suggestion.

March 23, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech is one of the best I have heard. It was especially helpful.

April 2, 1923—Alvin Brown, "Building." At March 23, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 3, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 4, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 5, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 6, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 7, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 8, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 9, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 10, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 11, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

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April 26, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 27, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

April 28, 1923—Edward Tapp, "On Paper." Your speech was especially helpful to our audience.

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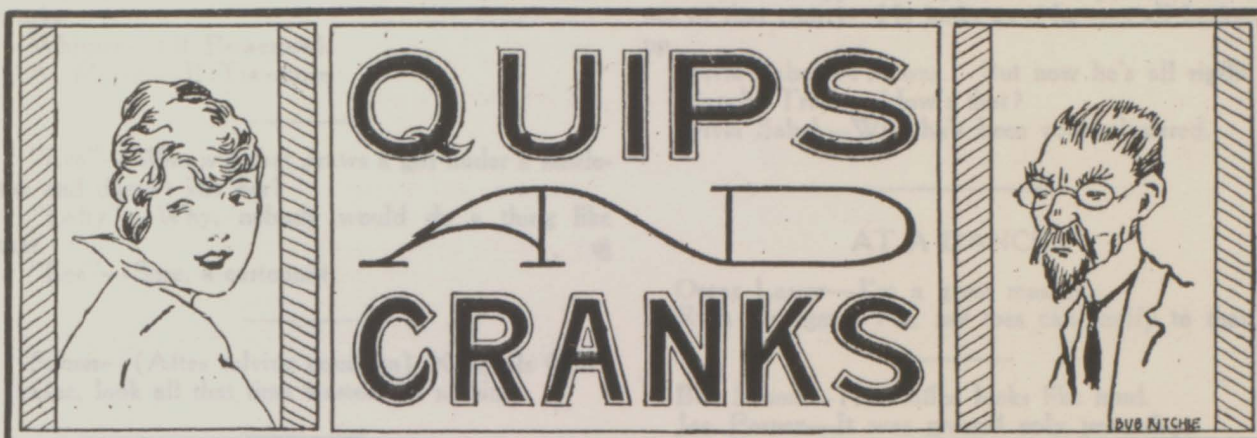
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THE PIVOT



LATEST SONGS

"Baby Blue Eyes"—Sylvia Sabel.
 "When Hearts Are Young."—Nuddy Rasnick.
 "Fate."—"Lefty."
 "Lady of the Evening."—Bea Galinkin.
 "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses."—Goldfarb.
 "Mighty Like a Rose."—Sophie Wiener.
 "That Red Head Gal."—Jeanette Barron.
 "Strut Miss Lizzie."—Kitty Rubenstein.
 "Three O'Clock in the Morning."—Hope Drake.
 "Lost."—Blanche Tropp.
 "Dumbell."—Rosenbaum.
 "I Like Me."—Ida Meisel.
 "Gallagher & Shean."—Simon & Yarrow.
 "Nobody Lied."—The Class.
 "The Sheik."—Martin Roth.
 "Flapper Blues."—Frances Rosen.
 "Ivy (Oscar) Cling To Me."—Ruth Krueger.
 "What Could Be Sweeter."—Eva Rosenfeld.
 "My Buddy."—Mr. Schleicher.
 "Wanita."—Rosalynd Bauman.
 "All My Boys."—Sarah Yampolsky.

HOW COULD WE GET ALONG WITHOUT

Lasser's morning talks.
 Blanche Tropp's complexion.
 "Lefty's" Rib Tickles.
 Goldfarb's proboscis.
 Rosalynd's smile.
 Roth's feats or (feets).
 Rasnick's flattery.
 Shutzman's poses.
 The awakening bell at the end of physics.

Sophie Wiener the suffragette is looking for a suffragent.

H. Dunworth—I drop everything I lay my hands on.

Tropp—If I had that habit I'd drop physics.

Shapiro—I got this boat for a song.

Ryan—Yes. I heard you gave a note for it.

Schutzman—Somebody better cough up some money.

Yarrow—Alas, the coffers are empty.

O'Leary—When do you arrange heavy dates?

Miss Sophie Clawans—At night.

O'Leary—Why at night?

Miss Clawans—Because it's light in the daytime.

Rose Markowitz—Isn't your father a railroad engineer?

Mollie Grabinchik—Why no. What makes you say so?

R. Markowitz—I saw the wreck.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

R. Bauman and M. Kaltman separated.
 M. Roth minus a girl at his side.
 Mabel Goldman not giggling.
 Hope Drake starting a riot.
 "Lefty" not looking important.
 Sophie Wiener not uttering a word.
 Beattie Galinkin with a sad look on her face.
 Oscar Lasser without a new crayat.
 Ruddy Rasnick without a girl admirer.

Teacher—Mabel, what can you tell me of the North Pole?

M. Goldman—It is a pole 16 ft. high.

Tteacher—What about the climate?

M. Goldman—The Eskimo Climate, (climb-it).

THE PIVOT

Teacher to A. Merritt—Give some of Milton's works.

Whisper—(Il Penseroso).

A. Merritt—Il Travatore.

"Lee"—Who is it that draws a girl under a mistle-toe and doesn't kiss her?

"Lefty"—Why, nobody would do a thing like that.

"Lee"—Sure, a cartoonist.

Simon—(After solving equation) X equals 0.
Gee, look all that time wasted for nothing.

Teacher—I am tempted to flunk you.

Tropp—Yield not to temptation.

Teacher—You can't add seven apples and six pears, can you?

Green—Sure, that's thirteen "froocht."

IN BIOLOGY

A young student brought a cockroach to class in a bottle and informed the teacher that he could bring one every day as they had lots of them home.

EXTRA!!

Rosalynd is trying to develop a new laugh that won't cause her to close her eyes every time she giggles.

Blanche Tropp—Did you see that person coming out of that court? He looks as if he was all broken up.

Sylvia Sabel—He was. But now he's all right.

Blanche Tropp—How's that?

Sylvia Sabel—Why he's been court-plastered.

AT A DANCE

Oscar Lasser—I'm a great masher.

Ruth Krueger—Yes, my toes can testify to that.

Ben Simon—This coffee looks like mud.

Joe Posner—It was ground only yesterday.

Father Roth—(After looking at son's report card)—My son, you need some spunk. Do you know what spunk is?

Max Roth—Yes, father. It's the past participle of spank.

Sylvia Sabel—Harmony must prevail in order to have happiness.

Jack Cohen—Yes, a fellow with a pretty sweetheart, has no business with a jealous sister.

Mr. Coleman—Where is Africa?

Weinick (with expression of Columbus)—On the map!

Nannette Lurie—(Reading questions to be answered aloud)—"If a good remedy for tuberculosis is plenty of dry air, what place would recommend to a consumptive?" What would say, Maybelle?

Maybelle Goldman—The Sahara Desert.

NEWARK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Complete High School Course in Two Years or Less

Register Now For Spring Term

1030 BROAD STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

THE NEWARK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Blackie Timp—Did you see that picture coming out of that count? He looks as if he was all broken up.
 Sylvia Sabo—He was. But now he's all right.
 Blackie Timp—He's happy now?
 Sylvia Sabo—Why he's been happy ever since.

AT A DANCE

Over I went—I'm a night worker.
 Ruth Kismet—You are now one fairly to that.

Ben Simon—The coffee looks like mud.
 Joe Brown—It was good only yesterday.

Patricia Rich—(After looking at man's wrist watch) —My son, you need some time. Do you know what time it is?
 Blackie Rich—Yes, father. It's the past midnight at dusk.

Sylvia Sabo—(Hesitant) must proceed in order to have happiness.
 Jack Cohen—You're a fellow with a pretty smart head, but no business with a partner who's smart.

Mr. Coleman—(When in Africa)
 White (with expression of Coleman)—On the night.

Marionette Lake—(Thinking) question to be answered (sigh)—It's a good remedy for tuberculosis. It's a good remedy for tuberculosis. It's a good remedy for tuberculosis. What would you, Marjorie?
 Marjorie Coleman—The Sahara Desert.

Blackie Timp—(When in Africa)
 White (with expression of Coleman)—On the night.
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 White (with expression of Coleman)—On the night.
 Blackie Timp—(When in Africa)
 White (with expression of Coleman)—On the night.

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Blackie Timp—(When in Africa)
 White (with expression of Coleman)—On the night.

IN BIOLOGY

A young student brought a specimen to class in a bottle and explained the teacher that he could bring one every day as long as he had one of these bones.

EXTRA!!

Roseland is going to develop a new laugh that will cause him to cheer his class every time the "comedian" says "What would you, Marjorie?"
 Marjorie Coleman—The Sahara Desert.

NEWARK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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THE PIVOT

Oscar Lasser—Say Lefty, how did that young dame ever marry poor Al? Surely not for her face value.

Lefkowitz—Of course not! She was married for her par's (Pa's) value.

L. Berman—When I was out at sea, I noticed especially how the moon affected the tide.

Nat Rasnick—That's nothing. You should see how the moon affects the "Untied."

Father—How do you stand in school?

J. Rosenbaum—In the detention room most of the time.

EXTRA!—"Lefty" sold Elizabeth Jay a ticket for the Service Club game.

Those who do not like our jests
Would surely change their views
Could they compare the ones we print
With those we do not use.

Krueger—You have no business to kiss me.

Lasser—But it wasn't business, it was pleasure.

Teacher—What is woman?

Shutzman—Woman is a figure of speech.

MAINLY ABOUT SENIORS —THINGS THAT DON'T HAPPEN

Blanche Tropp looking pale.

Georgiana Cavalas without her homework.

Nat Rasnick without a girl.

Belle Heller losing in walking race.

Ruth Krueger without Oscar Lasser. (We wonder who took his place during Easter Vacation in Washington).

Sol Schary considering someone else as good as himself.

Sylvia Sabel getting in wrong with her teachers.

Oscar Lasser not reciting poetic remarks.

On April 1st "Nuddy" was seen walking without any girls. Aw! April Fool!

Flint Halperin—Did your watch stop when it fell on the floor?

Luke Nichols Tropp—Naturally; did you expect it to go through?

The House with a Conscience
ARTHUR JOHNSON & CO.
Athletic Equipment Only
6 WEST PARK ST. 6
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF HAHNE'S

BASEBALL CAMP WEAR
TENNIS, SWIMMING SUITS
Discount cards given to Central
students on application

LATEST BOOKS

"Reckless Speed or Doing High School In 5 Years," by Rosenbaum.

"Near Suicide" or The Service Club—Janitor Game," by Lasser.

"Salesmanship, of How to Sell Pivots," by "Lefty."

"A Period of Agony, or History In 101," by Class.

"How to Propose or Advice to the Lovelorn," by Ruth Krueger.

"A Victim Of Society, or 5 Dances In One Week," by Saul Schutzman.

"How To Get a Permanent Wave," by Blanche Tropp.

"Vamping or The Use of Cosmetics," by Rosalind Bauman.

"Have you sawed the wood," inquired a lady of a tramp who asked for food.

Tramp (in contempt)—I have seen the wood and I don't intend to work for a lady who doesn't understand grammar better than you.

Blanche Tropp—I have a friend, a milliner, who works in a dairy.

Sylvia Sabel—What does she do?

Blanche Tropp—She makes caps for bottles.

COMPLIMENTS OF
I. RETTIG

THE BIRMINGHAM

EXTRA—Tidy, with Elizabeth Jay a helper for the Senior Club year.

Then who do we like our year?
Would surely change their views
Could they compare themselves we prize
With those we do not see.

Kingsley—You have no business to like me
I am not a woman's business, I was chosen.

Teacher—What is woman?
Student—Woman is a house of cards.

LATEST BOOKS

"The Book of the Year" by H. B. Swann, Jr.
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"The Book of the Year" by H. B. Swann, Jr.

"I have you saved the word," replied a lady of a
group who asked for food.
"I have you saved the word," replied a lady of a
group who asked for food.
"I have you saved the word," replied a lady of a
group who asked for food.

Blanche Tapp—I have a friend, a cousin, who
works in a dairy.
Stella Tapp—What does she do?
Blanche Tapp—She makes caps for bottles.

Blanche Tapp—I am looking for
a friend who is a friend for friendship.
Stella Tapp—What is a friend?
Blanche Tapp—A friend is a friend for friendship.

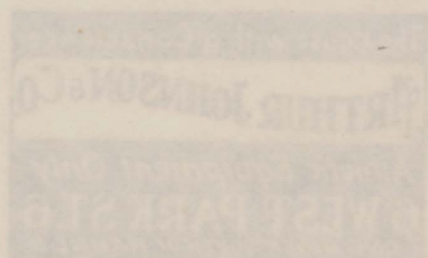
Blanche Tapp—What is a friend?
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THINGS THAT DON'T HAPPEN

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COMPLIMENTS OF
I. RETTIG

BASEBALL CAMP WEAR
TENNIS SWIMMING SUITS
Discount cards given to Central
students on application

SENIOR SLAMS

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	DOOM	HOW GOT THROUGH
Ables, Richard	"Dick"	Chatter Box	Deaf and Dumb Asylum	Good Looks (?)	Freak Show	Double Course
Balenson, Louis	"Louie"	Stodious	Jazz	Cleverness	Professor	"Rep"
Barhash, Abraham	"Abe"	Girls	Marry old maid	Haircomb	Court Fool	Pested through
Baron, Jeannette	"Red"	Studying	Movies	Walk	Short Fat Lady	In Safe
Bauman, Rosalind	"Rose"	Hard work	Rest	Eyes	Optician	Fell Through
Berman, Lionel	"Lion"	Lazyness	Marriage	Clothes	Arrow Collar Model	Guess (?)
Brunner, Edna	"Ed"	Shyness	A "he" male	Silence	Marriage to M. M.	Wasn't Missed
Carl, Daniel	"Carl"	Studying	Recreation	Who Knows?	Hash Slinger	Not his fault
Carluccio, Sebastian	"Sebastian"	Shy	Some nerve	Busyness	Organ Grinder	Luck
Carter, Wilfred	"Winnie"	Shyness	Come to life	Shyness	Dish Washer	Grinned
Chick, Sara	"Chicky"	Shyness	Opera Glasses	Stodious Look	Old Maid	Studied
Clark, Hazel	"Hazel"	Modesty	Follies	Permanent Wave	Demonstrator	Kept Quiet
Clawans, Sophie	"Soph"	Disposition	Castor Oil	Soft Voice	Telephone Operator	Whispered
Cohen, Jack	"Jack"	Knickers	Longies	Looks	Heart Breaker	Skidded
Drake, Hope	"Drake"	Ritz	"King Tut" Dance	Hair Comb	Typist	Vamped
Eisenstein, Minnie	"Min"	Height	Yeast	Hair	Guess?	Argued
Etkin, Bessie	"Bess"	Voice	Hoarseness	Blue Sweater	Jazz-Band	Escaped
Forn, Helen	"Helen"	Silence	Bomb	Obliging	Cook	Slid
Fried, Herbert	"Herb"	Smartness	There is none	Height	Shoe Fitter	Worked
Friedlander, Harry	"Harry"	Work?	More work	Voice	Book Agent	He Knows
Friedman, Pauline	"Pudgie"	Quietness	Jazz	Stature	Poetess	Framed
Galansky, Nathan	"Nat"	Hiding	Get in the limelight	Silence	Barber	By Chance
Galinkin, Beatrice	"Bee"	No pep	July 4th	Face	Actress	Whistled
Gavalas, Georgiana	"Georgie"	Good Nature	She'll outgrow it	Activeness	Poetess	No Trouble
Gelbond, Henry	"Henry"	Shyness	Girls	Quietness	Swimmer	Gassed Through
Gervasio, Gerardo	"Jerry"	Name	Change it	Knowledge	Janitor	A Secret
Goldfarb, Saul	"Sol"	Dancing	4B Show	Importance	Burlesque Dancer	Skipped
Goldman, Maybelle	"Mac"	Pep	Miss Lavers	Jokes	Comedian	Danced
Gorka, Leon	"Leon"	Blushing	Nerve	Inactiveness	A. & P.	Squeezed
Grablowsky, Florence	"Flo"	Bashfulness	The "Follies"	Married Look	Candy Saleslady	Unnoticed
Grabenchick, Mollie	"Mol"	Stodiousness	Graduation	Always Pleasant	Conductorette	By Quietness
Greenberg, Aaron	"Aaron"	Himself	Leave that to her	Everything	Floor Walker	Delayed
Harris, Mildred	"Milly"	Blondness	Hair dye	Curls	Movie Actress	Flirted
Hatow, Edwin	"Ed"	Complexion	Powder	Hair	Curly-cue Salesman	Who Could Refuse
Heidekorn, Anna	"Anne"	Smiles	Disappointment	Teeth	Old Maid	Bluffed
Heller, Belle	"Kelly"	Basket Ball	Outgrow it	Middies	Old Ladies' Home	Grew
Hoffman, Elizabeth	"Lizz"	Noise??	Bomb	Eyes	School Marm	Worked
Insabella, Phillip	"Phil"	Women	Deserted Island	Height	Cap	Studied Teachers
Hoffman, Stephen	"Steve"	Solemnity	A Girl	Looks	Model	Favored
Isaacson, Joseph	"Joe"	Her	Get Married	Absent Look	Happy tho' married	Eventually
Kaltman, Madeline	"Mandy"	R. B.	H. D.	Size	Overbrook	Vamped
Kaplan, Mary	"Mary"	Good Nature	Grouch	Specs	Salesgirl	Slept
Katz, Solomon	"Catzie"	Hair Comb	Baldness	Good Looks	Chicken chaser	Fought
Kaufman, Benjamin	"Bennet"	Voice	Singing Lessons	--o Teeth	Soap Box Speaker	Bluffed

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Krueger, Ruth	"Ruth"	Trying to get old	Hair Ribbons	Fidgety Actions	Wife of O. L.	Talked
Lapow, Abraham	"Abie"	Study	More Study	Looks	"Tut Dancer"	Slipped
Lasser, Oscar	"Ocie"	Poetry	Ruthie	Ties	Husband of ??	On Looks
Lefkowitz, Meyer	"Lefty"	Girls	Married	Line of Gab	Cold Cream Salesman	????
Lesnick, Max	"Maxie"	Gloom	Personals	Ears	Kewpie	Fell Through
Lipkin, Beatrice	"Bee"	Snortness	Car Straps	Talk	Opera Singer	Sneaked
Lurie, Nannette	"Nan"	Pleasantness	Tombs	Brief Aces	School Marm	Looked Innocent
Malamuth, Bessie	"Bess"	I wonder?	No Cure	Voice	Stage	Boasted
Mangini, Helen	"Shrimpie"	Size	There ain't none	Baby Face	Circus	Overlooked
Marantz, Rebecca	"Becky"	Typing	Graduation	Friendliness	Housemaid	Worked
Markowitz, Rose	"Rosala"	Quiet (?)	Jazz	Laugh	Washwomen	Talked a Streak
McCormack, Florence	"Flo"	Bluffing	She'll Outgrow it	Hair Comb	Hair Dresser	An Error
Meisel, Ida	"Ida"	Curly Head	Beauty Parlor	Kerchief	Women Suffrage	Sunk Through
Merritt, Adelaide	"Dell"	Studying	Opposite Sex	Important Look	Home Foraged	Argued
Millman, Emanuel	"Manny"	Book-room	Fire	Lips	Pancake Slinger	His Nerves
Myers, Dora	"Dora"	Sweetness	Drink Vinegar	Plugging??	School Marm	Wasn't Missed
O'Leary, John	"Johnnie"	Blushing	A Love Affair	Movie Fan	Actor	Nerve
Ordower, Milton	"Milt"	Girls	Divorce	Smile	Taxicab Driver	Crowded
Ortman, Blair	"Red"	Modesty	Chorus Girls	Hair	Janitor	Escaped
Osborne, Laura	"Bridget"	Hair	Bleach It	Graceful	NUN???	Faked
Ostrousky, Ida	"Ida"	Quiet	Fireworks	Complexion	Rouge Advertiser	Slid
Paskewitz, Anella	"Nella"	Eyes	Specs	Laugh	Early Marriage	Don't Know
Perin, Marian	"Marian"	Curlylocks	Rain	Face	Actress	Ran
Pestunowitz, Sara	"Sara"	Goodness	Nunnery	Squeak	Saleslady	Cut Through
Papier, Martha	"Marth"	Too Quiet	Bomb	Laugh	Farmerette	Was Wheeled
Peyser, Lincoln	"Link"	Spring Fever	July 4th	Always in Office	Clerk	Dreamed
Potter, Marie	"Puggie"	Gym	12 Periods a week	Sneaks	Gym Teacher	Crawled Through
Rasnick, Nathan	"Nuddy"	"Chickens"	Aid	Blonde	Model Husband	Vaulted
Reinhardt, Jacob	"Jay"	Books	Desert	Laziness	Wireless Announcer	God Only Knows
Rosen, Francis	"France"	Good Nature	Husband	Always Smiling	Shoe Salesman	Whizzed
Rosenbaum, Jerome	"Jerry"	Studying	Cutting	Feet	Toe-Dancer	Ask Miss Lavers
Rosenfeld, Eva	"Eve"	Sweetness	Finale	Clothes	Poorhouse	Took Her Time
Rosenthal, Pauline	"Pauline"	Bashfulness	Opposite sex	Smile	Poetess	She Knows
Roth, Martin	"Marty"	Legs	Dancing the Ritz	Cuteness	Hash Slinger	Stuttered
Rubenstein, Kate	"Kate"	"Kinky Hair"	Hair Net	Dimples	Gym Teacher	Grew
Sabel, Sylvia	"Sill"	Slowness	Live Wire	Dancing	Stage	Came Natural
Scharf, Morris	"Morris"	Sleepiness	Pep	Baby Face	Mamma's Boy	Looked Bright
Schary, Sol	"Sol"	Good Looks	Sour Grapes	Studious Look	Sign Painter	He Knows
Schultz, Harold	"Harold"	Solitude	Follies	Face	Movie Star	Kicked Through
Schutzman, Saul	"Sally"	You'd be surprised	Powder Puff	Patent Leather Haircomb	Chicken Inspector	Only he knows
Schaffer, Leon	"Lee"	Good Nature	A Mate	Stature	Civic Virtue	Worked
Simon, Seymour	"Sec"	None	Impossible	Quietness	Own a Ford	On looks
Smith, Margaret	"Maggy"	"Squeaking"	Oil	Beauty Mark	Radio Announcer	Stuttered
Socher, Olga	"Ollie"	Stoutness	Gym	Dieting	Chorus Girl	A puzzle
Tropp, Blanche	"Blanche"	Kink	Get Caught in Rain	Color	Rouge Advertiser	Ask Dad, He Knows
Veronick, Mollie	"Mol"	Saint	Burlesque	Hair	School Marm	In Soft
Weinik, Milton	"Milt"	Sharpie Suit	Collegiate	Profile	Preacher	Ask Miss Lavers
Weisbrod, Lillian	"Lillums"	Goggles	Opera-Glasses	Smile	Galli Curci	Some Job
Wesley, George	"Georgie"	Laugh	Mask	Ambition	Hen-pecked	Same Old Story
Wiener, Sophie	"Sop"	Pivot Room	There ain't none	Complexion	Opera Singer	Nobody Knows
Yampolsky, Sara	"Sara"	Height	Stretchers	Working	Salesgirl	Fooled Teachers
Zuckerman, Lillian	"Lilyan"	Live Wire (?)	Shock	Friendliness	Tooth Pick Model	Being Pushed
Yarrow, Ben	"Bunny"	Running	Straightjacket	Grim	Potato Masher	Very Luckily

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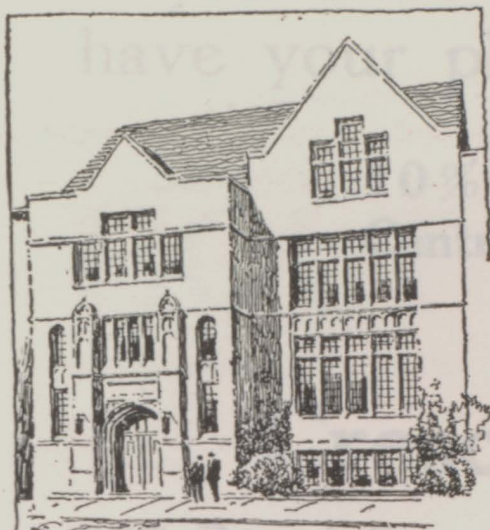
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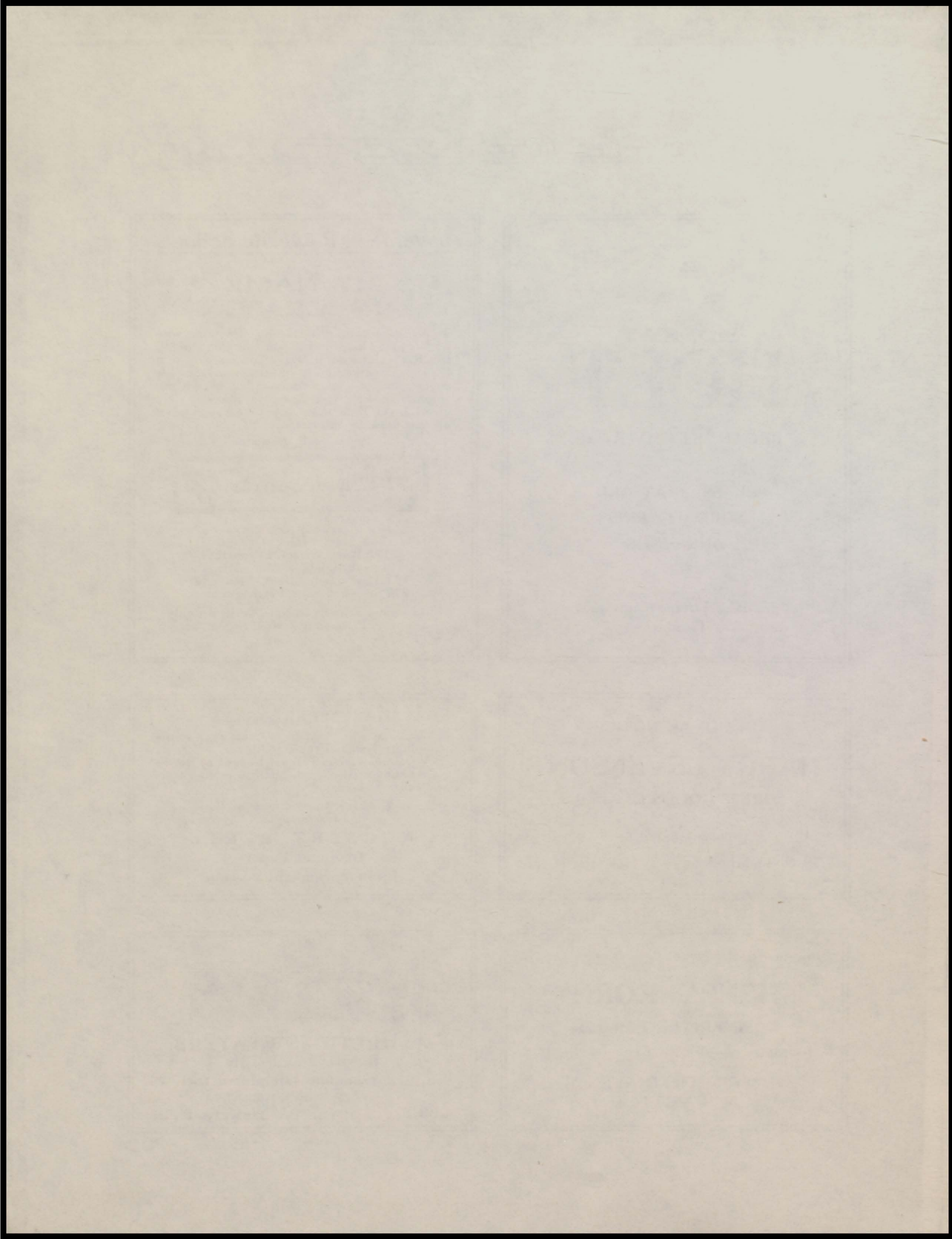
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